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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

ALL'S *Well, that* ENDS *Well.*
TWELFTH-NIGHT: *Or,* What you will.
The COMEDY *of* ERRORS.
The WINTER-NIGHT'S TALE.
The LIFE *and* DEATH *of King* JOHN.

LONDON:

Printed for *J.* and *P. Knapton*, *S. Birt*, *T. Longman*, *H. Lintot*, *C. Hitch*, *J. Hodges*, *J. Brindley*, *J.* and *R. Tonson* and *S. Draper*, *B. Dod*, and *C. Corbet*.

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ALL's WELL,

THAT

ENDS WELL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a parafitical follower of* Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*

Steward,
Clown, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena *daughter to* Gerard de Narbon, *a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*

Violenta,
Mariana, } *Neighbours, and friends to the widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE *lies partly in* France; *and, partly in* Tuſcany.

ALL's *Well, that* ENDS *Well.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Countess of* Rousillon's *House, in* France.

Enter Bertram, *the Countess of* Rousillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in Mourning.*

COUNTESS.

IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madam: you, Sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; (1) whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

(1) *whose Worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than* lack *it where there is such Abundance.*] An Opposition of Terms is visibly design'd in this Sentence; tho' the Opposition is not so visible, as the Terms now stand. *Wanted* and *Abundance* are the Opposites to one another; but how is *lack* a Contrast to *stir up?* The Addition of a single Letter gives it, and the very Sense requires it. Mr. *Warburton.*

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, Madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her; disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and atchieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all

all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. (2) If the living be not enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father

In manners as in ſhape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel, my lord;
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier, good my lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n bleſs him! Farewel, *Bertram*.

[*Exit Counteſs.*

Ber. [*to* Hel.] The beſt wiſhes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be ſervants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

(2) *If the living be Enemy to the Grief, the Exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.*] This ſeems very obſcure; but the Addition of a Negative perfectly diſpels all the Miſt. *If the Living be* not *Enemy*, &c. Exceſſive Grief is an Enemy to the Living, ſays *Lafeu*: Yes, replies the Counteſs; and if the Living be not Enemy to the Grief, [i. e. ſtrive to conquer it,] the Exceſs makes it ſoon mortal. Mr. *Warburton*.

Hel. Oh, were that all! ——— I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram*'s.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright partic'lar star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour! ——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One, that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And, no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, tho' valiant, in

in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: man, ſetting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from undermin ers and blowers up! — Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt; 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mother; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He, that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murthers itſelf, and ſhould be buried in highways out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding its own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principal itſelf not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like

an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly suted, but unsutable; just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet;
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms,
That blinking *Cupid* gossips. Now shall he ——
I know not, what he shall —— God send him well! ——
The court's a learning place — and he is one ———

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well—'tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that We the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends:
And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur *Parolles*,
My lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

Par. Little *Helen*, farewel; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I especially think, under *Mars*.

Par.

Par. Why under *Mars?*

Hel. The wars have kept you ſo under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars.*

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes ſafety: but the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, as I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of courtier's counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel.

[*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heav'n. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kiſs, like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The King's diſeaſe — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Court of* France.

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France *with letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. THE *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' ears; Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our couſin *Auſtria*;
With caution that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer;
And *Florence* is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count *Rouſillon*, my good lord, young *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip

First

Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the brav'ſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
'Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs (3)
Were in him; pride or ſharpneſs, if there were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.

King. 'Would, I were with him! he would always ſay,

(3) *So like a Courtier, no Contempt or Bitterneſs*
Were in his *Pride or Sharpneſs*; *if* they *were*,
His Equal had awak'd them.——] This Paſſage ſeems ſo very incorrectly pointed, that the Author's Meaning is loſt in the Careleſsneſs. As the Text and Stops are reform'd, theſe are moſt beautiful Lines, and the Senſe this——"He had no "*Contempt* or *Bitterneſs*; if he had any thing that look'd like "*Pride* or *Sharpneſs*, (of which Qualities Contempt and Bit- "terneſs are the Exceſſes,) his Equal had awak'd them, not "his Inferior; to whom he ſcorn'd to diſcover any thing that "bore the Shadow of Pride or Sharpneſs." Mr. *Warburton.*

(Methinks,

(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear;) Let me not live,——
(Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,) let me not live, (quoth he,)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: — this he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
(Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home)
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet; —
Lend me an arm; — the rest have worn me out
With several applications; nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count,
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty. [*Flourish.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Countess's at* Rousillon.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I Will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, Sirrah;

Sirrah : the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe ; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not, for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam ; 'tis not ſo well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd ; but, if I have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar ?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe ?

Clo. In *Isbel*'s caſe, and mine own ; ſervice is no heritage, and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, 'till I have iſſue of my body ; for they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the fleſh ; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon ?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them ?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are ; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow, Madam, in great friends ; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of ; he that eares my land, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop ; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge ; he, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood ; he, that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood ; he, that loves my

fleſh

fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he, that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyſam* the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, Madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way; ——

" For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true
" ſhall find;
" Your marriage comes by deſtiny, your cuckow ſings
" by kind,

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her; *Helen* I mean.

Clo. " Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe, (4)
[*Singing.*
" Why the *Grecians* ſacked *Troy?*
" Fond done, fond done; —— for *Paris*, he,

(4) *Was this fair Face the Cauſe, quoth She,*
Why the Grecians *ſacked* Troy?
Was this King Priam's *Joy?*] As the Stanza, that follows, is in alternate Rhyme, and as a Rhyme is here wanting to *She* in the firſt Verſe; 'tis evident, the third Line is wanting. The old *Folio's* give Us a Part of it; but how to ſupply the loſt Part, was the Queſtion. Mr. *Rowe* has given us the Fragment honeſtly, as he found it: but Mr. *Pope*, rather than to ſeem founder'd, has ſunk it upon Us. —— I communicated to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*, how I found the Paſſage in the old Books;

[*Fond done, done, fond,*
Was this King Priam's *Joy?*]

And from Him I received that Supplement, which I have given to the Text. And the Hiſtorians tell us, it was *Paris* who was *Priam*'s favourite Son.

" Was

" Was this King *Priam*'s joy.
" With that she sighed as she stood,
" And gave this sentence then;
" Among nine bad if one be good,
" There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, Sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o'th' song: 'would, God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the Parson; one in ten, quoth-a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man that should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplis of humility over the black gown of a big heart: I am going, forsooth, the business is for *Helen* to come hither.

[*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son; Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, (5) that had put such

(5) *Fortune, she said, was no Goddess,* &c. *Love, no God,* &c. complain'd against the *Queen of Virgins,* &c.] This Passage stands thus in the old Copies:

Love,

ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; *Diana*, no Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpriz'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly, keep it to yourſelf; many likelihoods inform me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor miſdoubt; pray you, leave me; ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care; I will ſpeak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n ſo it was with me, when I was young;
If we are nature's, theſe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth;

Love, no God, that would not extend his Might only where Qualities were level, Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every ſenſible Reader, that ſomething muſt have ſlipt out here, by which the Meaning of the Context is render'd defective. The Steward is ſpeaking in the very Words he overheard of the Young Lady; Fortune was no Goddeſs, ſhe ſaid, for one Reaſon; Love, no God, for another;——— what could She then more naturally ſubjoin, than as I have amended in the Text?

Diana, *no Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpriz'd without Reſcue*, &c.

For in Poetical Hiſtory *Diana* was as well known to preſide over *Chaſtity*, as *Cupid* over *Love*, or *Fortune* over the *Change* or *Regulation* of our *Circumſtances*.

By

By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now. ———
Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?
Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.
Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I ſaid a mother,
Methought, you ſaw a ſerpent; what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I'm your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe,
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.
You ne'er oppreſt me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes?
Why, ——— that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I ſay, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count *Rouſillon* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd, name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother. ———
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, Madam; 'would you were,
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heav'n,
So I were not his ſiſter: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?——
Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not, daughter and mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe! what, pale again?

My

My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs.—Now I ſee (6)
The myſt'ry of your loneline's, and find
Your ſalt tears' head; now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay, thou doſt not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo. For, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſly ſhown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they ſpeak it: only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forſwear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heav'n ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs.

Count. Love you my ſon?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.

(6) ——————————*Now I ſee*
The myſt'ry of your lovelineſs, *and find*
Your ſalt tears' head:——————] The Myſtery of her *Lovelineſs* is beyond my Comprehenſion: The old Counteſs is ſaying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in Reproach, that this Word ſhould find a place here; which it could not, unleſs ſarcaſtically employ'd, and with ſome Spleen. I dare warrant, the Poet meant, his old Lady ſhould ſay no more than this: "I now find the Myſtery of your creeping into "Corners, and weeping, and pining in ſecret." For this Reaſon I have amended the Text, *Lonelineſs*. The Steward, in the foregoing Scene, where he gives the Counteſs Intelligence of *Helen*'s Behaviour, ſays;

Alone *She was, and did communicate to herſelf her own Words to her own Ears.*

Hel.

Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your ſon:
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know, how that deſert ſhall be.
I know, I love in vain; ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus, *Indian*-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if your ſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both herſelf and love; O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chuſe
But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that, which ſearch implies;
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly, where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris?*

Bel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by Grace it ſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſov'reignty; and that he will'd me,
In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,

To

To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speak?

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to it self?

Hel. There's something in't
More than my father's skill, (which was the great'st
Of his Profession,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By th' luckiest stars in heav'n; and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's Cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave and love;
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Begone, to morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Court of* France.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* Bertram *and* Parolles. *Flouriſh Cornets.*

KING.

FArewel, young Lords: theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you: you, my Lords, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,
The gift doth ſtretch it ſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs, it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege; farewel, young Lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy *French* men; (6) let higher *Italy*

(Thoſe

(6)——————*let higher* Italy
(*Thoſe hated, that inherit but the Fall*
Of the laſt Monarchy;) *ſee*, &c.) This ſeems to me One of the very obſcure Paſſages of *Shakeſpear*, and which therefore may very well demand Explanation. *Italy*, at the time of this Scene, was under three very different Tenures. The Emperor, as Succeſſor of the *Roman* Emperors, had one Part; the Pope, by a pretended Donation from *Conſtantine*, another; and the Third was compos'd of free States. Now by the *laſt Monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the laſt of the four general Monarchies. Upon the Fall of this Monarchy, in the Scramble, ſeveral Cities ſet up for Themſelves, and became free States: Now theſe might be ſaid properly to *inherit* the *Fall* of the Monarchy. This being premiſed, now to the Senſe. The King ſays,

Higher

(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the laſt Monarchy;) ſee, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The brave Queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.

2 Lord. Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*,—— take heed of them; They ſay, our *French* lack language to deny, If they demand: beware of being captives, Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [*To Attendants.*

[*Exit.*

1 Lord. Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us!——

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark ——

2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *Too young, and the next year,* and *'tis too early.*——

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock, Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry, 'Till Honour be bought up, and no ſword worn But one to dance with? by heav'n, I'll ſteal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 Lord. I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

Higher Italy;—— giving it the Rank of Preference to *France*; but he corrects himſelf and ſays, I except Thoſe from that Precedency, who only inherit the Fall of the laſt Monarchy; as all the little petty States; for inſtance, *Florence* to whom theſe Volunteers were going. As if he had ſaid, I give the Place of Honour to the Emperor and the Pope, but not to the free States. All here is clear; and 'tis exactly *Shakeſpear*'s Manner, who lov'd to ſhew his Reading on ſuch Occaſions. Mr. *Warburton.*

1 Lord.

1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles!* ——

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks and luſtrous. A word, good metals. (7) You ſhall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King —— [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time; there, do muſter true gate, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, and Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands, that hath bought his pardon.
I would, you had kneel'd, my Lord, to ask me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

(7) *You ſhall find in the Regiment of the* Spinii *one Captain* Spurio, *his Cicatrice,* with *an Emblem of War here on his ſiniſter Cheek*;] It is ſurprizing, none of the Editors could ſee that a ſlight Tranſpoſition was abſolutely neceſſary here, when there is not common Senſe in the Paſſage, as it ſtands without ſuch Tranſpoſition. *Parolles* only means, "You ſhall find one Captain "*Spurio* in the Camp with a Scar on his left Cheek, a Mark "of War that my Sword gave him."

King. I would, I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs: —— but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if
My royal fox could reach them: (8) I have ſeen a *Med'cin*,
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe King *Pepin*, nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor-ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her,
For that is her Demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

(8) *I have ſeen a* Medecine,] *Lafeu* does not mean that he has ſeen a Remedy, but a Perſon bringing ſuch a Remedy. I therefore imagine, our Author uſed the *French* Word, *Medecin*, i. e. a Phyſician; this agrees with what he ſubjoins immediately in Reply to the King,

Why, Doctor-She; —and — *write to* her *a Love-line.*

Laf.

Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.

King. This haſte hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears; I'm *Creſſid*'s uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſe towards him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her unaidable eſtate: we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empericks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.

Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy.
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When mir'cles have by th' greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſits.

King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind Maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;
But know, I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;

What

What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended;
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed Spirit doth ſpeak
His powerful ſound, within an organ weak;
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
(9) Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſick I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?

(9) *Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, all,* &c.] This Verſe is too ſhort by a Foot; and apparently ſome Diſſyllable is drop'd out by Miſchance. Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd with me in Conjecture to ſupply the Verſe thus:

Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, *all,* &c.

Helena, had laid a particular Streſs on her maiden Reputation; and the King afterwards, when he comes to ſpeak of her to *Bertram,* ſays,

——————— *If ſhe be*
All that is virtuous, *(ſave, What thou diſlik'ſt,*
A poor Phyſician's Daughter;) thou diſlik'ſt
Of Virtue *for her name:* ——

King. (10) Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What Husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of *France*;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to beſtow.
King. Here is my Hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to truſt:)
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, hea! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rouſſillon.

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. COME on, Sir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know, my buſineſs is but to the court.

(10) King. *Make thy Demand.*
Hel. *But will you make it even?*
King. *Ay, by my Scepter, and my hopes of* help.] The King could have but a very ſlight Hope of *Help* from her, ſcarce enough to ſwear by: and therefore *Helen* might ſuſpect, he meant to equivocate with her. Beſides, obſerve, the greateſt Part of the Scene is ſtrictly in Rhyme: and there is no Shadow of Reaſon why it ſhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine, the Poet wrote;
Ay, by my Scepter, and my Hopes of Heaven. Dr. *Thirlby.*

Count.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt; but to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hand, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin buttock, the quatch buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib*'s ruſh for *Tom*'s fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tueſday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier; —— it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in a queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O lord, Sir ——— there's a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, Sir —— thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O lord, Sir ——— nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O lord, Sir — ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? indeed, your O lord, Sir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my——O lord, Sir; I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O lord, Sir — why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your buſineſs: give *Helen* this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much imployment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Court of* France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. (11) THEY ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern, and familiar, things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs.

(11) *They ſay Miracles are paſt, and we have our Philoſophical Perſons to make modern and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs.*] This, as it has hitherto been pointed, is directly oppoſite to our Poet's, and his Speaker's Meaning. As I have ſtop'd it, the Senſe quadrates with the Context: and, ſurely, it is one unalterable Property of Philoſophy, to make ſeeming ſtrange and preternatural *Phænomena* familiar, and reduceable to Cauſe and Reaſon.

Hence

Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconſing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts———

Par. So I ſay, both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus.*

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick Fellows——

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,——

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death,——

Par. Juſt, you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed, if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in, what do you call there——

Laf. A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: for me, I ſpeak in reſpect———

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay

Laf. In a moſt weak———

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King; as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, *and attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well: here comes the King.

Laf. Luſtick, as the *Dutchman* ſays: I'll like a Maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a Corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this *Helen?*
Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.
King. Go, call before me all the Lords in court.
Sir, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble batchelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſov'reign power and father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one.——
Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.
[*She addreſſes herſelf to a Lord.*
Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd
The King to health.
All. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a ſimple maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid.——
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
"We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chuſe, but be refus'd;
"Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever,
"We'll ne'er come there again.
King. Make choice, and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial *Love*, that God moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my ſuit?
1 *Lord.* And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, Sir;——all the reſt is mute.

Laf.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipt, or I would send them to the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: sure, they are bastards to the *English*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* (12) Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet, ——

Par. I am sure, thy father drunk wine. ——

Laf. But if thou be'est not an ass, I am a Youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,

(12) 4 Lord. *Fair One, I think not so.*

Laf. *There's one Grape yet, I am sure my Father drunk Wine: but if Thou be'est not an Ass, I am a Youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.*] Surely, this is most incongruent Stuff. *Lafeu* is angry with the other Noblemen for giving *Helen* the Repulse: and is he angry too, and thinks the fourth Nobleman an Ass, because he's for embracing the Match? The Whole, certainly, can't be the Speech of one Mouth. As I have divided the Speech, I think, Clearness and Humour are restor'd. And if *Parolles* were not a little pert and impertinent here to *Lafeu*, why should he say, he had found him out already? Or why should he quarrel with him in the very next Scene?

Into

Into your guided power: this is the man. [*To* Bertram.
King. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her, ſhe's thy wife.
Ber. My wife, my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*,
What ſhe hath done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.
King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.
Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter, my wife!——Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!
King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences, ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
(13) From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone,
Is good without a name. Vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;

(13) *From loweſt Place,* whence *virtuous Things proceed,*
The Place is dignified by th' Doer's Deed.] 'Tis ſtrange, that none of the Editors could perceive, that both the Sentiment and Grammar are defective here. The eaſy Correction, which I have given, was preſcribed to me by the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby.*

And

And theſe breed honour: That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the meer word's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; (14) and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou can'ſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue and ſhe,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.———

King. (15) My honour's at the ſtake; which to defend,
I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where

(14) ———*and as oft is dumb,*
Where Duſt and damn'd Oblivion is the Tomb.
Of honour'd Bones, indeed, what ſhould be ſaid?] This is ſuch pretty Stuff, indeed, as is only worthy of its accurate Editors! The Tranſpoſition of an innocent Stop, or two, is a Task above their Diligence: eſpecially, if common Senſe is to be the Reſult of it. The Regulation, I have given, muſt ſtrike every Reader ſo at firſt Glance, that it needs not a Word in Confirmation.

(15) *My Honour's at the Stake; which to* defeat
I muſt produce my Pow'r.] The poor King of *France* is again made a Man of *Gotham*, by our unmerciful Editors: What they make him ſay, is mere mock-reaſoning: For he is not to make uſe of his Authority to *defeat*, but to *defend*, his Honour.

We

We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid; I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my noble thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the King; who, ſo enobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not in thy eſtate,
A balance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—my Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Rouſillon?*

Par.

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfie you, you are too old.———

Laf. I muſt tell thee, Sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee———

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy tryal; which if,———Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look thro' thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not 'bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer———

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o'th' contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord!——well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of——I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more ſaucy with lords and honourable perſonages, than the commiſſion of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then.—Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn Prieſt I've ſworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuſcan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box, unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery ſteed: to other regions
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It ſhall be ſo, I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe *Italian* fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it.—
'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but, huſh! 'tis ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health; ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but, thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly; the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would, ſhe did, as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets,
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'th' King,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. (16) In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit* Parolles.

Hel. I pray you. — Come, Sirrah. [*To* Clown.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

(16) Hel. *In every Thing I wait upon his Will.*
Per. *I ſhall report it ſo.*
Hel. I pray you come, Sirrah.] The Pointing of *Helen*'s laſt ſhort Speech ſtands thus abſurdly, thro' all the Editions. My Regulation reſtores the true Meaning. Upon *Parolles* ſaying, He ſhall report it ſo; *Helena* is intended to reply, *I pray you, do ſo*; and then, turning to the *Clown*, She more familiarly addreſſes *him*, and bids him come along with her.

Ber.

Ber. I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Bar. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, given order for our horses; and to night, when I should take possession of the bride——and ere I do begin ——

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lyes three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten——God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my Lord and you, Monsieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deserved to run into my Lord's displeasure.

Laf. (17) You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard;

(17) *You have made shift to run into't,* Boots *and* Spurs *and all, like him that* leapt *into the* Custard.] This odd Allusion is not introduc'd without a View to Satire. It was a Foolery practis'd at City-Entertainments, whilst the *Jester* or *Zany* was in Vogue, for him to jump into a large deep Custard: set for the Purpose, *to set on a Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh*; as our Poet says in his *Hamlet*,

and

and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.——

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well, and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, *Helen*, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time; nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe, than ask, why I intreat you;
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than ſhews itſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*]
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out That,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let That go:
My haſte is very great. Farewel; hie home.
Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much —— nothing, indeed ——
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord —— 'faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.
Ber. I pray you, ſtay not: but in haſte to horſe.
Hel. (18) I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord. [*Exit* Helena.
Ber. Where are my other men, Monſieur?—farewel.
Go thou tow'r'd home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

(18) Hel. *I ſhall not break your Bidding, good my Lord:*
Where are my other Men? *Monſieur, farewel.*
Ber. *Go thou toward home, where I will never come,*]
What other Men is *Helen* here enquiring after? Or who is She ſuppos'd to ask for them? The old Counteſs, 'tis certain, did not ſend her to the Court without ſome Attendants: but neither the *Clown*, nor any of her Retinue, are now upon the Stage: *Bertram*, obſerving *Helen* to linger fondly, and wanting to ſhift her off, puts on a Shew of Haſte, asks *Parolles* for his Servants, and then gives his Wife an abrupt Diſmiſſion.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Duke's Court in* Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

DUKE.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin *France*
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
Myſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow, to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon, *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, *and* Clown.

Count. IT hath happen'd, all as I would have had it; ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend his ruff, and ſing; ask queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbel*, ſince I was at court. Our old ling, and our *Isbels* o'th' country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o'th' court: the brain of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves mony, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en That you have there. [*Exit.*

Counteſs *reads a letter.*

I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate Son,

Bertram.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head;
By the miſprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away.

Enter Helena, *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.——

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, gentlemen,
I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my ſon?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of *Florence.*
We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my paſſport.

When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off; and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in ſuch a Then *I write a* Never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, and, for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs as thine,

Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: he was my ſon,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, happ'ly, which his heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France*, until he have no wife?
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs:
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon, to tell him, that his ſword can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, Madam, in that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Counteſs and Gentlemen.*

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife!

Thou

Thou ſhalt have none, *Rouſillon,* none in *France*;
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky muskets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piercing air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord:
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouſillon*;
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar;
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Duke's Court in* Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. THE General of our Horſe thou art, and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extream edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſp'rous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put myſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon, *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. ALas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St. Jaques' *pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of war
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctifie.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpightful Juno, *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Stew.

Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger;
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return, and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
To make distinction; provide this messenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Publick Place in* Florence.

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. NAY, come. For if they do' approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the *French* Count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſollicited by a gentleman his companion

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one *Parolles*; a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *diſguis'd like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo.——Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, ſhe will lye at my houſe; thither they ſend one another; I'll queſtion her: God ſave you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. *Jaques le Grand.* Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the St. *Francis*, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way.
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France*.

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice.
Hel. His name, I pray you?
Dia. The Count *Rouſſillon:* know you ſuch a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him;
His face I know not.
Dia. Whatſo'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from *France,*
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you, it is ſo?
Hel. Ay, ſurely, meer the truth; I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman, that ſerves the Count,
Reports but courſely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monſieur *Parolles.*
Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and That
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.
Wid. Ah! right; good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly; this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the am'rous Count ſollicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Drum and Colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The Gods forbid elſe!
Wid. So, now they come:

That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, *Eſcalus*.

Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*

Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife! if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honeſt; yond's that ſame knave, (19)
That leads him to theſe paces; were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i' th' battel.

Par. Loſe our drum! well. ———

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vext at ſomething. Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *&c.*

Mar. And your courteſie, for a ring carrier!

Wid. The troop is paſt: come, pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking

(19) ——— *Yond's That ſame Fellow,*
That leads him to theſe Places.] What *Places?* He did not lead him to be *General* of Horſe under the Duke of *Florence*, ſure. Nor have they been talking of Brothels; or, indeed, any particular Locality. I make no Queſtion, but our Author wrote;

That leads him to theſe Paces.

i. e. to ſuch irregular Steps, to Courſes of Debauchery, to not loving his Wife.

Shall

Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't (20) when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and

(20) *When your lordship sees the bottom of his Success in't, and to what Metal this Counterfeit Lump of* Ours *will be melted, if you give him not* John Drum's *Entertainment, your Inclining cannot be remov'd.*] Lump of *Ours* has been the Reading of all the Editions. *Oare*, according to my Emendation, bears a Consonancy with the other Terms accompanying, (viz. *Metal, Lump,* and *melted)* and helps the Propriety of the Poet's Thought: For so one Metaphor is kept up, and all the Words are proper and suitable to it. But, what is the Meaning of *John Drum*'s Entertainment? *Lafeu* several times afterwards calls *Parolles, Tom Drum.* But the Difference of the Christian Name will make None in the Explanation. There is an old Motley Interlude, (printed in 1601) call'd, *Jack Drum*'s Entertainment: Or, the *Comedy* of *Pasquil* and *Katharine.* In this, *Jack Drum* is a Servant of Intrigue, who is ever aiming at Projects, and always foil'd, and given the Drop. And there is another old piece (publish'd in 1627) call'd, Apollo *shroving*, in which I find these Expressions.

Thuriger. *Thou Lozel, hath* Slug *infected you?*
Why do you give such kind Entertainment to that Cobweb?

Scopas. *It shall have* Tom Drum's *Entertainment; a Flap with a Fox-tail.*

But Both these Pieces, are, perhaps, too late in Time, to come to the Assistance of our Author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to *Bertram* is to this Effect. "My Lord, as "you have taken this Fellow [*Parolles*] into so near a Confi- "dence, if, upon his being found a Counterfeit, you don't "cashcer him from your Favour, then your Attachment is not "to be remov'd." —— I'll now subjoin a Quotation from *Holingshed*, (of whose Books *Shakespeare* was a most diligent Reader) which will pretty well ascertain *Drum*'s History. This Chronologer, in his Description of *Ireland*, speaking of *Patrick Scarsefield*, (Mayor of *Dublin* in the Year 1551,) and of his extravagant Hospitality, subjoins, that no Guest had ever a cold or forbidding Look from any Part of his Family: so that *his Porter, or any other Officer, durst not, for both his Ears, give the simplest Man, that resorted to his House*, Tom Drum's Entertainment, *which is*, to hale a Man in by the Head, and thrust him out by both the Shoulders.

to

to what metal this counterfeit lump of Oar will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum*'s entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that *Cæſar* himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet* ———

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, Monſieur; if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on: I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will preſently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myſelf in my certainty,

tainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation ; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are gone about it ?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my Lord ; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, th'art valiant ; and to the poſſiblity of thy ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee ; farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord* No more than a fiſh loves water——Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done ; damns himſelf to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do ; certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and for a week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries ; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto ?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies ; but we have almoſt imboſs'd him, you ſhall ſee his fall to-night ; for, indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old lord *Lafeu* ; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him ; which you ſhall ſee, this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs ; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you The laſs I ſpoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i'th' wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;
And this is all I've done: she's a fair creature,
Will you go see her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Widow's House.*

Enter Helena, *and Widow.*

Hel. IF you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not, how I shall assure you further;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust, the Count he is my husband;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her consent,
As we'll direct her how, 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That she'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds

In

In moſt rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſevere,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſick of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to night
Let us aſſay our plot; which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it ——— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Part of the* French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, *with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

LORDS.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not your selves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsie-woolsie hast thou to speak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i'th' adversaries' entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o' clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say, I have done?

done? it must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoak me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my self some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy my self another of *Bajazet*'s mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spanish* sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say, it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and say, I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel ———

Lord. How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies! [*Alarum within.*

Lord. Throco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par.

Par. Oh! ranſom, ranſom:—do not hide mine eyes.
[*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know, you are the *Muskos* regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover That which ſhall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. Boskos vauvado; I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue; *Kerelybonto*,——Sir, betake thee to thy faith, or ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Mancha ravancha dulche.

Lord. Oſceoribi dulchos volivorco.

Int. The General is content to ſpare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our Camp I'll ſhew;
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak That
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*
[*A ſhort alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouſſillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto our ſelves,
Inform 'em That.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lockt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Widow's House.*

Enter Bertram, *and* Diana.

THEY told me, that your name was *Fontibell.*
Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddess,
And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your Mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No.
My Mother did but duty; such, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
'Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick our selves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true;
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray tell me,
If I should swear by *Jove*'s great Attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd;

At

At leaſt, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,
But give thy ſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.
Dia. I ſee, that men make hopes in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake our ſelves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my Lord?
Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our Houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world
In me to loſe.
Dia. Mine Honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our Houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.
Ber. Here, take my ring.
My Houſe, my Honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my Mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: you have won
A Wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may ſo in the end.———
My Mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his Wife's dead: therefore I'll lye with him,
When I am buried. (21) Since *Frenchmen* are ſo braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid;
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* YOU have not given him his Mother's letter?

2 *Lords.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince; there is ſomething in't, that ſtings his nature: for, on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

(21) ———— *Since* Frenchmen *are ſo braid,*
Marry that will, I'll live and dye a Maid.] This is certainly the moſt cruel Reſolution, that ever poor Wench made. What! becauſe *Frenchmen* were falſe, She, that was an *Italian*, would marry Nobody. But it is plain, as refin'd as this Reaſoning is, her Mother did not underſtand the Delicacy of the Concluſion; for afterwards She comes into *Helen*'s Project, on the Promiſe of a good round Dow'ry of 3000 Crowns, to help her Daughter to a Husband. In ſhort, the Text is, without all Queſtion, corrupted; and we ſhould read it thus.

———— *Since* Frenchmen *are ſo braid,*
Marry 'em *that will,* I'd *live and dye a Maid.*

i. e. ſince *Frenchmen* prove ſo crooked and perverſe in their Manners, let who will marry them, I had rather live and die a Maid than venture upon them. This ſhe ſays with a view to *Helen*, who appear'd ſo fond of her Husband, and went thro' ſo many Difficulties to obtain him. Mr. *Warburton.*

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially, he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are our ſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and, as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own Nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we ſhall not then have his company to night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a meaſure of his own Judgment, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe Wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of Peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a Peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Rouſillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France?*

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his Wife ſome two months ſince fled from his Houſe, her pretence is a Pilgrimage to St. *Jaques le Grand*; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death; her Death it ſelf (which could not be her office to ſay, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily ſometimes we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your Maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter

Enter Betram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the King's tartneſs: here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs, I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but That I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſate in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordſhip already: the Stocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk; he hath confeſs'd himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th' Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face; if your Lordſhip be in't, as, I believe, you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles, *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what, will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if you pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

2 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: our General bids you anſwer to what I ſhall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many Horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable; the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monſieur *Parolles*, the gallant militariſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid, (I will ſay true,) or thereabouts, ſet down; for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for t, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent hour,

hour, I will tell true. Let me see; *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many; *Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick,* and *Gratii,* two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii,* two hundred and fifty each; so that the mustard file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand Poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i' th' camp, a *Frenchman:* what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captain *Dumain?*

Par. I know him; he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris,* from whence he was whipt for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him *nay.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence*'s Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your Lordship anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o' th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rouſillon*, a fooliſh idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttiſh, I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides rogue.

Interpreter *reads the letter.*

When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.
And ſay, a ſoldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
(22) *Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiſs.*
For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

(22) *Men are to mell with, boys are* not *to kiſs.*] All the Editors have obtruded a new Maxim upon us here, that *Boys are* not *to kiſs.*——*Livia*, in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Tamer tam'd*, is of a quite oppoſite Opinion.

For Boys were made for Nothing but *dry Kiſſes.*

And our Poet's Thought, I am perſwaded, went to the ſame Tune; that Boys are only to kiſs; Men to mingle with, and give more ſubſtantial Pleaſures. To *mell*, is deriv'd from the *French* Word, *mêler*; to mingle.

Ber.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist, and the armi potent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i' th' Stocks, any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain *Dumain*: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules*. He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty, he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *English* Tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

Int. His Qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain?*

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' th' same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine?*

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horse, Count *Rousillon.*

Int. I'll whisper with the General, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die; the General says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber.

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, Captain *Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu?* I am for *France.*

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Rouſillon?* if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a Plot?

Int. If you could find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft,
As Captain ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, *Parolles,* live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Widow's Houſe, at* Florence.

Enter Helena, *Widow, and* Diana.

Hel. THAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the Greateſt in the chriſtian world
Shall be my Surety; 'fore whoſe Throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a deſired office

Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty *Tartar*'s boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marſeilles*, to which place
We have convenient Convoy; you muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead; the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompenſe your love: doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: we muſt away,
(23) Our Waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;

(23) *Our Waggon is prepar'd, and Time* revives *us*;] The Word *revives* conveys ſo little Idea of Senſe here, that it ſeems very liable to Suſpicion. How could Time revive theſe travelling Adventurers?

Mr. *Warburton* very reaſonably conjectures, that we ſhould read,

——————— *and Time* revyes *us*;

i. e. looks us in the Face, calls upon us to haſten.

All's

All's well, that Ends well; ſtill the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and Clown.*

Laf. NO, no, no, your Son was miſ-led with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there, whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praiſe for creating; if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much skill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman?*

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *Engliſh* name; but his phiſnomy is more hotter in *France* than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darkneſs, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy Maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire; but, ſure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the Houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaweineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my Maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my Daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf gracious remembrance, did

firſt

firſt propoſe; his Highneſs hath promis'd me to do it; and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceiv'd againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your Ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from *Marſeilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope, I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Court of* France, *at* Marſeilles.

Enter Helena, *Widow, and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it.
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of *France*.
Gent. I have been ſometimes there.
Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent.

Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!
Hel. All's well, that Ends well yet,
Tho' time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
Gen. Marry, as I take it, to *Rouſillon*,
Whither I'm going.
Hel. I beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Rouſillon.

Enter Clown, and Parolles.

Par. GOOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher cloaths; (23) but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo.

(23) *But I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's* Mood, *and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong Diſpleaſure.*] *Fortune's Mood* is, without Queſtion, good Senſe, and very proper: and yet I verily believe, the Poet wrote as I have reſtor'd in the Text;——*in Fortune's* Moat: becauſe the Clown in the very next Speech replies, *I will henceforth eat no* Fiſh *of Fortune's buttering*, and again, when he comes to repeat *Parolles*'s Petition to *Lafeu*,——*that hath fall'n into the unclean* Fiſhpond *of her Diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is* muddied *withal.* And again, *Pray you, Sir, uſe the*

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from fortune's cloſe ſtool, to give to a Nobleman! look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. (24) I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſimiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

the Carp *as you may*, &c. In all which Places, 'tis obvious, a Moat, or Pond, is the Alluſion. Beſides, *Parolles* ſmelling ſtrong, as he ſays, of Fortune's ſtrong Diſpleaſure, carries on the ſame Image: For as the *Moats* round old Seats were always repleniſh'd with Fiſh, ſo the Clown's joke of holding his Noſe, we may preſume, proceeded from This —— becauſe *la Chambre baſſe* was always over the Moat: and therefore the Clown humourouſly ſays, when *Parolles* is preſſing him to deliver his Letter to Lord *Lafeu.*——*Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away: A Paper from Fortune's* Cloſeſtool, *to give to a Nobleman!*

(24) *I do pity his Diſtreſs in my* Smiles *of Comfort,*] This very humourous Paſſage my Friend Mr. *Warburton* reſcued from Nonſenſe moſt happily, by the Inſertion of a ſingle Letter, in the Manner I have reform'd the Text. Theſe *Similes* of Comfort are ironically meant by the Clown; as much as to ſay, you may perceive how much I think he deſerves Comfort, by my calling him *Fortune's Cat, Carp, raſcally Knave*, &c.

Laf.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of her self is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't, save your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles.*

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first, that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first, that lost thee.

Par. It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Flourish. *Enter* King, Countess, Lafeu, *the two French Lords, with attendants.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, (25) our esteem Was made much poorer by it; but your son,

As

(25) ——————*our* Esteem

Was made much poorer by it:——] What's the Meaning of the King's Esteem being made poorer by the Loss of *Helen*? I think, it can only be understood in one Sense; and that Sense won't carry Water; i. e. We suffer'd in our Estimation by her Loss,

As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.
Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.
Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts, that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.
King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenſing relicks of it. Let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.
Gent. I ſhall, my Liege.

Loſs. But how ſo? Did the King contribute to her Misfortunes? Nothing like it. Or did he not do all in his Power to prevent them? Yes? he married *Bertram* to her. We muſt certainly read therefore;

We loſt a Jewel of her; *our* Eſtate
Was made much poorer by it:

That's the certain Conſequence of any one's loſing a Jewel, for their Eſtate to be made proportionably poorer according to to the Value of the Loſs. Mr. *Warburton.*

King.

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your Highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bretram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stoll'n:
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd: ——
That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt; but love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sowre offence,

Crying,

Crying, that's good that is gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures, to our ſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and, after, weep their duſt:
Our own love, waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Helen*'s knell; and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day:

Count. (25) Which better than the firſt, O dear heav'n, bleſs,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er ſhe took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it: For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

(25) *Which better than the firſt, O dear Heav'n, bleſs,*
Or, e'er they meet, in me, O Nature, ceaſe!] I have ventur'd, againſt the Authority of the printed Copies, to prefix the *Counteſs*'s Name to theſe two Lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a Favourer of *Bertram*: but if *Bertram* ſhould make a bad Husband the ſecond Time, why ſhould it give the King ſuch mortal Pangs? A fond and diſappointed Mother might reaſonably not deſire to live to ſee ſuch a Day: and from her the Wiſh of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with Propriety.

Ber.

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.
Count. Son, on my life,
I've ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I'm ſure, I ſaw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it;
In *Florence* was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: (26) Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ungag'd; but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceaſt
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen*'s,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.
Ber. She never ſaw it.

(26) ——— *noble She was, and thought*
I ſtood engag'd;—] I don't underſtand this Reading; if we are to underſtand, that She thought *Bertram* engag'd to her in Affection, inſnar'd by her Charms, this Meaning is too obſcurely expreſs'd. The Context rather makes me believe, that the Poet wrote,

——— *noble She was, and thought*
I ſtood ungag'd;

i. e. unengag'd: neither my Heart, nor Perſon, diſpos'd of.

King.

King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectʼral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman—'twill not prove ſo—
And yet I know not—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
Who hath for four or five removes come ſhort
To tender it herſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with herſelf.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouſillon *a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for juſtice: grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lyes; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.* Diana Capulet.

Laf.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this diſcov'ry. Seek theſe ſuitors;
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of *Helen* (lady)
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now juſtice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know theſe women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no husband for her. [*To* Bertram.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highneſs

Lay

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!
Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,
If I be one.
Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis his:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gemm
Conferr'd by Teſtament to th' ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thouſand proofs.
King. Methought, you ſaid,
You ſaw one here in Court could witneſs it.
Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's *Parolles*.
Laf. I ſaw the man to day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o'th' world tax'd and deboſh'd,
Which nature ſickens with: but to ſpeak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think, ſhe has; certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,

Madding

Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had That, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I muſt be patient:
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the ſame upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you!——
Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe, did he love this Woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par.

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's Command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easie glove, my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gav it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,
[*Ex.* Widow.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord, [*To* Ber.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle; one, that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena, *and* Widow.

King. Is there no Exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it says,

When

When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?
[*To the Counteſs.*

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum,* lend me a handkerchief, [*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport with thee: let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To* Diana.
Chuſe thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife her ſelf, thy ſelf a maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Exeunt.*

EPI

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, *if this suit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

H. Gravelot in & del. Vol: 3. P: 99. G. V.dr Gucht Scul

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to* Sebaſtian.
Valentine, Curio, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*
Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.
A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.
Fabian, *Servant to* Olivia.
Malvolio, *a fantaſtical Steward to* Olivia.
Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *Woman.*

Prieſt, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coaſt of* Illyria.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the PALACE.*

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

IF muſick be the food of love, play on;
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain again; — it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. Enough! —— no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,

Even in a minute; (1) ſo full of ſhapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, *Curio?*

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when my eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, 'till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloyſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad remembrance.

Duke. O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
Theſe ſov'reign thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,
Her ſweet perfections, with one ſelf-ſame King!
Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

(1) ——— *ſo full of Shapes* is *Fancy,*
That it alone is high fantaſtical.] There can be no Reaſon why the Duke here, who is altogether ſerious, and moralizing on the Qualities of Love, ſhould tell us, that *Fancy* is alone the moſt *fantaſtical* Thing imaginable. I am perſuaded, the Alteration of *is* into *in* has given us the Poet's genuine Meaning; that *Love* is moſt *fantaſtical,* in being ſo variable in its *Fancies.* Mr. *Warburton.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Viola, *a Captain, and Sailors.*

Vio. WHAT country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, Lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illyria?*
My brother he is in *Elyſium.* ——
Perchance, he is not drown'd: what think you, ſailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourſelf were ſav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! ſo, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat: I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold.
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?
Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orſino.
Vio. Orſino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a batchelor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmur (as you know,
What Great ones do, the leſs will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair *Olivia.*
Vio. What's ſhe?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,

That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character:
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service,
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be thou his eunuch, and your mute I'll be,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. WHAT a plague means my neice, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir *Toby*, you must come in earlier a-nights; your neice, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine yourſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myſelf no finer than I am; theſe cloaths are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yeſterday, and of a fooliſh Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria.*

Mar. What's that to th' purpoſe?

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o' th' viol-degambo, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, —— almoſt natural; for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels and ſubtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my neice: I'll drink to her, as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria.* He's a coward, and a coyſtril, that will not drink to my neice 'till his brains turn o' th' toe like a pariſh-top. What, wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo;* for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek.*

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch!* how now, Sir *Toby Belch?*

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew!*

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accoſt, Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.———

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My neice's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs *Accoſt*, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs *Mary Accoſt*,——

Sir To. You miſtake, Knight: accoſt, is, front her, board her, wooe her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accoſt?*

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair lady, do you think, you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my finger's ends: marry, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unleſs you ſee canary put me down: methinks, ſometimes I have no more wit than a chriſtian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir. To. No queſtion.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would, I had beſtowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. (2) O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſe-wife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

(2) *Sir* And. ——————*O, had I but follow'd the Arts!*
Sir To. *Then hadſt thou had an excellent Head of Hair.*
Sir And. *Why, would that have mended my Hair?*
Sir To. *Paſt Queſtion; for thou ſeeſt it will not* cool my *Nature.*] Prodigious Sagacity! and yet thus it has paſs'd down thro' all the printed Copies. We cannot enough admire that happy Indolence of Mr. *Pope*, which can acquieſce in tranſmitting to us ſuch Stuff for genuine Senſe and Argument. The Dialogue is of a very light Strain, 'tis certain, betwixt two fooliſh Knights: but yet I would be glad to know, methinks, what Sir *Andrew*'s following the *Arts*, or his *Hair* being *mended*, could have to do with the *cooling*, or not *cooling*, Sir *Toby*'s Nature. But my Emendation clears up all this Abſurdity: And the Context is an unexceptionable Confirmation.

Sir And. *But it becomes me well enough, does't not?*
Sir To. *Excellent! it hangs like Flax on a Diſtaff, &c.*

Sir

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*; your neice will not be ſeen, or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the Duke himſelf here, hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' th' Duke, ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit. I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' ſtrangeſt mind i' th' world: I delight in masks and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria*, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs *Mall*'s picture? why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk ſhould be a jig! I would not ſo much as make water but in a ſink-a-pace: what doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd ſtocking. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under *Taurus?*

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!——excellent.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. IF the Duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario*, hoa?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof. — *Cesario*,
Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my Lord; what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a Nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: *Diana*'s lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.
I know, thy Conſtellation is right apt
For this affair: ſome four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myſelf am beſt
When leaſt in company. Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my beſt
To woo your Lady; yet, a barrful ſtrife!
Who-e'er I woo, myſelf would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. NAY, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe; my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make That good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs *Mary?*

Mar. In the wars, and that you may be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way; if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve*'s flesh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that, here comes my Lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into a good fooling! those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*, Better a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the Lady bad take away the fool, therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree.——Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou ?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, *Madona.*

Oli. I know, his ſoul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heav'n : take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend ?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, 'till the pangs of death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly ! Sir *Toby* will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. I marvel, your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal ; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools' *Zanies.*

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets : there is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail : nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools !

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Mar.

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended,

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home: What you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you ſee, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldeſt Son ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a moſt weak *Pia Mater!*———

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, Uncle?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? what Gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a Gentleman. Here,———[*belches.*] A plague o' theſe pickle herring! how now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*,———

Oli. Uncle, Uncle, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defie letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the ſecond mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the Coroner, and let him ſit o' my Uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Ex. Clown.*

Enter

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him, you were ſick; he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him, you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, Lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays, he'll ſtand at your door like a Sheriff's poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think, his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable Beauty——I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loth to caſt away

away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that Queſtion's out of my Part. Good gentle One, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp my ſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp your ſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve; but this is from my Commiſſion. I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were ſaucy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in ſo skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, Sir? here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweet Lady: tell me your mind, I am a Meſſenger.

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſie of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Oli.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit* Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady,———

Oli. A comfortable Doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lyes your text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſie. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. (3) Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I wear this preſent: is't not well done? [*Unveiling*:

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt She alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the Grave,
And leave the world no copy.

(3) *Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: is't not well done?*] This is Nonſenſe. My Correction, I think, clears all up, and gives the Expreſſion an Air of Gallantry. *Viola* preſſes to ſee *Olivia*'s Face: The other at length pulls off her Veil, and ſays; *We will draw the Curtain, and ſhew you the* Picture. I wear this Complexion to day, I may wear another to morrow? jocularly intimating, that She *painted*. The Other, vext at the Jeſt, ſays, "Excellently *done*, if God *did* all." Perhaps, it may be true, what you ſay in Jeſt; otherwiſe 'tis an excellent Face. *'Tis in Grain*, &c. replies *Olivia*.

Mr. *Warburton*.

Oli.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will give out diverſe ſchedules of my beauty. It ſhall be inventoried, and every particle and utenſil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you, what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Maſter loves you: O, ſuch love
Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd
The Non-pareil of Beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuff'ring, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe:
I would not underſtand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe:
Write loyal canto's of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night:
(4) Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

(4) *Hollow your Name to the* reverberate *Hills,*] I have, againſt the Authority of the printed Copies, corrected, *reverberant*. The Adjective Paſſive makes Nonſenſe.

Oli.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well,
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Go you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; ſpend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd poſt, lady; keep your purſe:
My maſter, not my ſelf, lacks recompence.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you ſhall love,
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well: ——
I am a gentleman —— I'll be ſworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon—not too faſt— ! ſoft! ſoft!
Unleſs the maſter were the man ——How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtile ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be——
What ho, *Malvolio*,——

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your ſervice.
Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio.*
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Oli. I do, I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, ſhew thy force; our ſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.

ANTONIO.

WILL you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, ſooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf: you muſt know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already,

already, Sir, with ſalt water, tho' I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once; my boſom is full of kindneſs, and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orſino*'s court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the Gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in *Orſino*'s court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
The danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio, *at ſeveral doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Counteſs *Olivia?*

Vio, Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away your ſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord into a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this Lady?
Fortune forbid, my outſide have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, ſo much,
That, ſure, methought her eyes had loſt her tongue;
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly:

She

She loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger.
None of my Lord's ring? why, he ſent her none.
I am the man——If it be ſo, (as, 'tis;)
Poor Lady, ſhe were better love a dream.
Diſguiſe, I ſee, thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe
In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be.
How will this fadge? my maſter loves her dearly,
And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me.
What will become of this? as I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love;
As I am woman, (now, alas the day!)
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breathe?
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t'unty. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. APproach, Sir *Andrew:* not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *Diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it, as an unfill'd can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria!* I ſay!——a ſtoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never ſee the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, aſs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good, i'faith: (5) I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy Leman, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s noſe is no whip-ſtock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a Song.——

Sir To. Come on, there's Six-pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too; if one Knight give a ——

Clo. Would you have a Love-ſong, or a Song of good life?

Sir To. A Love-ſong, a Love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown *ſings.*

O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O ſtay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

(5) *I ſent thee ſix pence for thy* Lemon, *hadſt it?*] But the Clown was neither Pantler, nor Butler. The Poet's Word was certainly miſtaken by the Ignorance of the Printers. I have reſtor'd, *leman*, i. e. I ſent thee Sixpence to ſpend on thy Miſtreſs.

Sir

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:*
Present mirth hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure;
In delay there lyes no plenty:
Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?
Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.
Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Most certain; let our catch be, *Thou knave.*
Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.
Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*
Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.
Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.
Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's* a *Peg-a-Ramsey*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguinious? am not I of her blood? *Tilly valley, Lady! there dwelt a man in* Babylon, *Lady, Lady.* [*Singing.*
Clo. Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.
Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd,

and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an ale-houſe of my Lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneck up!——— [*Hiccoughs.*

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that tho' ſhe harbours you as her Uncle, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate yourſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the Houſe: if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do ſhew, his days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time, Sir? ye lie: art thou any more than a ſteward? doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint *Anne*; and ginger ſhall be hot i' th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A ſtoop of wine, *Maria*.——

Mal. Miſtreſs *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means

means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think, I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself: so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Neice, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, *Penthisilea.*

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadst need send for more mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for mony, Knight; if thou hast her not i' th' end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight; come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. GIVE me some musick; now, good morrow, friends:
Now, good *Cesario,* but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Cur.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte, the jeſter, my Lord, a fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* Curio. [*Muſick.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the ſeat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
So ſways ſhe level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and won,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes, whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come; the ſong we had laſt night,—
Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain;
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that wave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, ſing. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.
My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with yew,
O, prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me, O! where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleaſure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put

put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place. Once more, *Cesario*,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts, that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir——

Duke. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,
Our shews are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not ——
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theam.
To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. COME thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio*'s coming down this walk, he has been yonder i' th' sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this

this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! lye thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Throws down a Letter, and Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.——

Fab. O, peace: contemplation makes a rare Turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*,——

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There's example for't: the Lady of the *Strachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel!*

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!——

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimestone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs——to ask for my uncle *Toby*——

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab.

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient ſtart make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtſies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this Fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our ſilence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o' th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having caſt me on your Neice, give me this prerogative of ſpeech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*——

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me Fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the Letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wiſhes; her very phraſes: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my Lady: to whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal.

Mal. Jove *knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man muſt know.* No man muſt know——what follows? the number's alter'd——no man muſt know——if this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but ſilence, like a* Lucrece *knife,*
With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life——nay, but firſt, let me ſee——let me ſee——

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obſtruction in this——and the end——what ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? ſoftly——*M. O. A. I.*——

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.——*Malvolio*——*M.*——why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; That ſuffers under probation: *A.* ſhould follow, but O does.

Fab. And O ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal, And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal.

Mal. M. O. A. I.——this ſimulation is not as the former——and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters is in my name. Soft, here follows proſe——*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatneſs; ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them; and to inure thy ſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thy ſelf into the trick of ſingularity. She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd. I ſay, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo: if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch fortunes' fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter ſervices with thee.* The fortunate and happy day-light and champian diſcovers no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very man. I do not now fool myſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my legs, being croſs-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts her ſelf to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. *Jove*, and my ſtars be praiſed!——Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chuſe but know who I am; if thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee.*——*Jove*, I thank thee! I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jeſt.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and* Clown.

VIOLA.

SAVE thee, Friend, and thy muſick: doſt thou live by thy Tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir; I do live by the Church: for I do live at my Houſe, and my Houſe doth ſtand by the Church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the King lyes by a Beggar, if a Beggar dwell near him: or the Church ſtands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor ſtand by the Church.

Clo. You have ſaid, Sir: to ſee this age!——A ſentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my Siſter had had no Name, Sir.

Vio. Why, Man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my Siſter wanton; but, indeed, words are very raſcals, ſince bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reaſon, Man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loth to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry Fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would, it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s Fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady *Olivia* has no folly; she will keep no Fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and Fools are as like Husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her Fool, but her Corrupter of Words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the Orb like the Sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir, I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise-man's art:

For

For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe men's, folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman. (6)

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi; voſtre ſerviteur.

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.——Will you encounter the Houſe? my Neice is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neice, Sir, I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare Courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

(6) *Sir* Tob. *Save you, Gentleman.*
Vio. *And you, Sir.*
Sir And. *Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.*
Vio. *Et vous auſſi; votre Serviteur.*
Sir And. *I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.*]

I have ventur'd to make the two Knights change Speeches in this Dialogue with *Viola*; and, I think, not without good Reaſons. It were a prepoſterous Forgetfulneſs in the Poet, and out of all Probability, to make Sir *Andrew* not only ſpeak *French*, but underſtand what is ſaid to him in it, who in the firſt Act did not know the *Engliſh* of *Pourquoy*.

Sir

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed :——I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria. Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair Princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are ſervant to the Duke *Orſino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and he muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Wou'd they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;——
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another ſuit,
I'd rather hear you to ſollicit That,
Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment, you did hear,
A ring in chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a cyprus, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due weſt.
Vio. Then weſtward hoe:———
Grace und good diſpoſition attend your ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me!
Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'ſt of me?
Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.
Vio. Then think you right, I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not itſelf more ſoon,
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought is good; but given, unſought, is better.
Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.

Oli.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. NO, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry I ſaw your neice do more favours to the Duke's ſerving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd on me. I ſaw't, i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been Grand Jury-men ſince before *Noah* was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her, with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint; you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an iſicle on a *Dutchman*'s beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Broniſt*, as a politician,

Sir

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my neice shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; (7) taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*; set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

(7) *Taunt him with the Licence of Ink; if thou* thou'st *him some thrice.*] There is no Doubt, I think, but this Passage is One of those, in which our Author intended to shew his Respect for Sir *Walter Raleigh*, and a Detestation of the Virulence of his Prosecutors. The Words quoted, seemed to me directly levell'd at the Attorney-General *Coke*, who, in the Trial of Sir *Walter*, attack'd him with all the following indecent Expressions. —— "*All that he did was by thy Instigation*, thou "*Viper*; *for I* thou *thee*, thou *Traytor!*" (Here, by the way, are the Poet's *three* thou's.) "*You are an odious Man.*" —— "*Is he base? I return it into thy Throat, on his behalf.*" — "*O* "*damnable Atheist!*" —— "*Thou art a Monster; thou hast an* "English *Face, but a* Spanish *Heart.*" —— "*Thou hast a* Spanish "*Heart, and thyself art a Spider of Hell.*" —— "*Go to, I will* "*lay thee on thy Back for the confident'st Traytor that ever came* "*at a Bar*, &c." Is not here all the Licence of Tongue, which the Poet satyrically prescribes to Sir *Andrew*'s Ink? And how mean an Opinion *Shakespeare* had of these petulant Invectives, is pretty evident from his Close of this Speech; *Let there be Gall enough in thy Ink, tho' thou write it with a* Goose-pen, *no matter.* —— A keener Lash at the Attorney for a Fool, than all the Contumelies the Attorney threw at the Prisoner, as a suppos'd Traytor!

Sir

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo:* go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir *Toby.*

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew,* if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church: I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter, that I dropt to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not seen such a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio.

Seb. I Would not by my will have troubled you.
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
(More ſharp than filed ſteel,) did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (tho' ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.)
But jealouſie what might befal your travel,
Being skilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
(8) I can no other anſwer make, but thanks;
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhould find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go ſee the relicks of this town?

(8) *I can no other Anſwer make but Thanks,*
And Thanks: and ever-oft *good Turns*
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent Pay;] It muſt be obvious to every Reader, who has the leaſt Knowledge in Verſification, that the ſecond Line is too ſhort by a whole Foot; however the Editors have indolently paſs'd it over without Suſpicion. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double Adverb, *ever-oft*, which ſeems to have as much Propriety as, *always-ſometimes?* As I have reſtor'd the Paſſage, it is very much in our Author's Manner, and Mode of Expreſſion. So, in *Cymbeline*;

——*Since when I have been Debtor to You for Courteſies, which I will be* ever *to pay, and yet pay* ſtill.

And in *All's well, that Ends well.*

And let me buy your friendly Help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, *and* pay again
When I have found it.

Ant.

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets.
Once in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Duke his gallies,
I did ſome ſervice, of ſuch note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike, you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffick's ſake,
Moſt of our city did. Only myſelf ſtood out;
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purſe.
In the ſouth ſuburbs at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant.*——

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Maria.

Oli. (9) I Have ſent after him; ſay, he will come;
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud.——
Where is *Malvolio?* he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio?*

Mar. He's coming, Madam; but in very ſtrange manner.
He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile; your ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come; for, ſure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

(9) *I have ſent after him*; he ſays he'll *come.*] But Who did he ſay ſo to? Or from Whom could my Lady have any ſuch Intelligence? Her Servant employ'd upon this Errand, was not yet return'd; and, when he does return, he brings Word, that the Youth would hardly be intreated back. I am perſuaded, She was intended rather to be in Suſpenſe, and deliberating with Herſelf: putting the Suppoſition that he would come: and asking Herſelf, in that Caſe, how She ſhould entertain him.

Mal.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be ſad; this does make ſome obſtruction in the blood; this croſs-gartering; but what of it? if it pleaſe the eye of One, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee.

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know, that ſweet *Roman* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio?*

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio?*

Mal. At your requeſt?
Yes, nightingales anſwer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatneſs;——'twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Some are born Great——

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve Greatneſs——

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them——

Oli. Heaven reſtore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow ſtockings.——

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd——

Oli. Croſs garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

Oli. Why, this is a very midſummer madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orſino*'s is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby?* let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worſe man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough, ſays ſhe;—be oppoſite with a kinſman,—ſurly with ſervants,——let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate,——put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity;——and conſequently ſets down the manner how; as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when ſhe went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance—what can be ſaid? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well, *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, *and* Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſt him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I diſcard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, *Malvolio?* how is't with you? what! man, defie the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. ——— Pray God, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord! ——

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir? ———

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What! man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir *Toby*; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all: you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed,

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My neice is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleaſure and his penance, 'till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſaucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee ſo; for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.

Fab. A good note; That keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'ſt to the Lady Olivia, *and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly; but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me ——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' th' windy ſide of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our ſouls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo look to thyſelf. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and, as thou drawſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my neice confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find, that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your neice; give them way, 'till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my maſter's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.

What ſhall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour ſav'd may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
A fiend, like thee, might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of deſpight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end; diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, Sir; I am ſure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him, what youth, ſtrength, skill, and wrath can furniſh man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration; but he is a devil in private brawls; ſouls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others to taſte their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you

you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him; therefore, on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior *Fabian*, ſtay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the Knight is incens'd againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the moſt skilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of *Illyria:* will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Prieſt than Sir Knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago: I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard and all; and he gives me the ſtuck in with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: *Fabian* can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey *Capilet.*

Sir To. I'll make the motion; ſtand here, make a good ſhew on't; —— This ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls; marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horſe to take up the quarrel: I have perſuaded him, the youth's a devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds That now ſcarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's ſake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter Anthonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you, 'tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put up your ſword; if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defie you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your ſword up if you pleaſe. [*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Anthonio,* I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Duke *Orſino.*

Ant. You do miſtake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot: I know your favour well;
Tho' now you have no ſea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy. I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? now my neceſſity
Makes me to ask you for my purſe. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myſelf: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I muſt intreat of you ſome of that mony.

Vio. What mony, Sir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething; my Having is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, heav'ns themſelves! ——

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!
Thou haſt, *Sebaſtian*, done good feature ſhame.
In nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit* Anthonio *with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs; even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love. [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his diſhoneſty appears in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip, ask *Fabian*.

Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.

Sir And. An I do not, —— [*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Clown.

CLOWN.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neither; nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe; thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!——he has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady; ſhall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh *Greek*, depart from me; there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand; theſe wiſe men, that give fools mony, get themſelves a good report after fourteen years' purchaſe.

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* Sebaſtian.

Seb.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Si. To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady strait: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit* Clown.

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [*Holding* Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear *Cesario:* ———
Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go:
Do not deny; beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let

Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in *Lethe* ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would, thou'dſt be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria, *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir *Topas* the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilſt. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf in't; and I would, I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent; but to be ſaid an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a careful man and a great ſcholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, Mr. Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*; for as the old hermit of *Prague*, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a neice of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: ſo I being Mr. Parſon, am Mr. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. What, hoa, I ſay,——peace in this priſon!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave. [Malvolio *within.*

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to viſit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my lady.

Clo.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexeſt thou this man?
Talkeſt thou of nothing but ladies?

Sir To. Well ſaid, maſter Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think, I am mad, they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fie, thou diſhoneſt ſathan; I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with curteſie: ſay'ſt thou, that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows tranſparent as baricadoes, and the clear ſtones towards the ſouth-north are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madmen, thou erreſt; I ſay, there is no darkneſs but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou ſtill in darkneſs; thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas!* ——

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite Sir *Topas!*

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would, he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my neice, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exit with* Maria.

Clo. Hey Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how my lady does.* [Singing.

Mal. Fool, ———

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool, ———

Clo. Alas, why is ſhe ſo!

Mal. Fool, I ſay; ———

Clo. She loves another ——— who calls, ha?

Mal. Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio!*

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay: the miniſter is here. *Malvolio, Malvolio,* thy wits the heav'ns reſtore; endeavour thy ſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas,* ———

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir *Topas* ——— Marry, amen. —— I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay.

Clo.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, ſome ink, paper and light; and convey what I ſet down to my Lady: It ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, 'till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old vice, (10)
Your need to ſuſtain:
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. THIS is the air, that is the glorious ſun;
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't and ſee't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's *Anthonio* then?

(10) *Like to the old* Vice,] I have explain'd this *Word,* and the *Character* meant by it, in a Note upon this Line of King *Richard* IIId.

Thus, like the formal Vice, *Iniquity,* &c.

I

I could not find him at the *Elephant*;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, (11)
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service; ——
For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness;
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse;
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I'm mad;
Or else the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
That is deceivable. But here she comes,

Enter Olivia *and Priest.*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

(11) *Yet there he was, and there I found this* Credit,
That he did range, &c.] i. e. I found it justified, credibly vouch'd. Whether the Word *Credit* will easily carry this Meaning, I am doubtful: The Expression seems obscure; and tho' I have not disturb'd the Text, I very much suspect that the Poet wrote;

——*and there I found this* credent.

He uses the same Term again in the very same Sense in *The Winter's Tale.*

——*Then 'tis very* credent.
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost, &c.

Seb.

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heav'ns ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Clown, *and* Fabian.

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee his letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian,* grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and Lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia,* friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worſe, for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs; ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that, concluſion to be

be asked, is, (12) if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing, Sir, I would, you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good Play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St. *Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more mony out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think,

(12) *So that Concluſions to be* as kiſſes,———] Tho' it might be unreaſonable to call our Poet's Fools and Knaves every where to Account; yet, if we did, for the Generality we ſhould find them reſponſible. But what monſtrous Abſurdity have we here? To ſuppoſe the Text genuine, we muſt acknowledge it too wild to have any known Meaning; and what has no known Meaning, cannot be allow'd to have either Wit or Humour. Beſides, the *Clown* is affecting to argue ſeriouſly and in Form. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

So that, Concluſion to be asked, is

i. e. So that the Concluſion I have to demand of You is this, if your Four, *&c.* He had in the preceding Words been inferring ſome *Premiſſes*, and now comes to the *Concluſion* very *logically*; You grant Me, ſays He, the Premiſſes; I now ask you to grant the Concluſion. Mr. *Warburton.*

that

that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Antonio, *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the smoak of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1 *Offi.* *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*,
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he, that did the *Tyger* board.
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orsino*, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint;
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose my self (pure, for his love)

Into

Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet;
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance;
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To day, my lord; and for three months before
(No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the counteſs; now heav'n walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon—Take him aſide.—

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you do not keep promiſe with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*,—

Oli. What do you ſay, *Ceſario?* Good my lord—

Vio. My lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine ear,
As howling after muſick.

Duke. Still ſo cruel?

Oli. Still ſo conſtant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverſeneſs? you uncivil lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars
My ſoul the faithfull'ſt offerings has breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it pleaſe my lord, that ſhall become him.

Duke.

Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do't, (13)
Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death
Kill what I love? (a ſavage jealouſie,
That ſometimes ſavours nobly;) but hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument,
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the marble-breaſted tyrant ſtill.
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*

Vio. And I moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die. [*following.*

(13) *Why ſhould I not, had I the Heart to do it,*
Like to th' Egyptian Thief, *at point of Death*
Kill what I love?] In this *Simile*, a particular Story is preſuppos'd; which ought to be known, to ſhew the Juſtneſs and Propriety of the Compariſon. It is taken from *Heliodorus*'s *Æthiopics*, to which our Author was indebted for the Alluſion. This *Egyptian* Thief was *Thyamis*, who was a Native of *Memphis*, and at the Head of a Band of Robbers. *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* falling into their Hands, *Thyamis* fell deſperately in Love with the Lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a ſtronger Body of Robbers coming down upon *Thyamis*'s Party, He was in ſuch fears for his Miſtreſs, that he had ſhut her into a Cave with his Treaſure. It was cuſtomary with thoſe Barbarians, *when they deſpair'd of their own Safety, firſt to make away with Thoſe whom they held dear*, and deſired for Companions in the next Life. *Thyamis*, therefore, benetted round with his Enemies, raging with Love, Jealouſy, and Anger, went to his Cave; and calling aloud in the *Egyptian* Tongue, ſo ſoon as He heard himſelf anſwer'd towards the Cave's Mouth by a *Grecian*, making to the Perſon by the Direction of her Voice, he caught her by the Hair with his left Hand, and (ſuppoſing her to be *Chariclea*) with his right Hand plung'd his Sword into her Breaſt.

Oli.

Oli. Where goes *Ceſario?*
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife.
If I do feign, you witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelf? is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away. [*To* Viola.
Oli Whither, my lord? *Ceſario*, husband, ſtay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, ſirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes up:
Be that, thou know'ſt, thou art, and then thou art
As great, as that thou fear'ſt.

Enter Prieſt.

O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou doſt know,
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.
Prieſt. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath ſow'd a grizzel on thy caſe?

Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do proteſt———

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou haſt too much fear!

Enter Sir Andrew, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God a ſurgeon, and ſend one preſently to Sir *Toby.*

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-croſs, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one *Ceſario*; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Ceſario?*

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir *Toby.*

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby, and *Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you ſhall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; ſot, didſt ſee *Dick* Surgeon, ſot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir *Toby,* above an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i'th' morning.

Sir. To. Then he's a rogue, and a paſt-meaſure *Painim.* I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli:

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.

Sir To. Will you help an aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt* Clo. To. *and* And.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinſman:
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs with wit and ſafety.
[*All ſtand in amaze,*
You throw a ſtrange regard on me, by which,
I do perceive, it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A nat'ral perſpective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, *Antonio!*

Ant. How have you made diviſion of your ſelf?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian?*

Oli. Moſt wonderful!

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of *Meſſaline*; *Sebaſtian* was my father;
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his wat'ry tomb.
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,

You come to fright us.

Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſsly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, "Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola!*

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day, when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul;
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lye my maids weeds; (14) by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerr'd to ſerve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been miſtook:
[*To* Olivia.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,

(14) ——————*by whoſe gentle Help*
I was preſerv'd *to ſerve this noble Duke.*] Tho' this be Senſe, and poſſeſſes all the printed Copies, yet I ſuſpect, from the Similitude in the two Words *preſerv'd* and *ſerve* (a Sameneſs of Sound, which *Shakeſpeare* would, probably, have avoided;) the Copyiſts, or Men at Preſs, committed a ſlight Miſtake. When the *Captain* and *Viola* firſt appear upon the Stage, She ſays to him;

——————*I'll ſerve this Duke*;
Thou ſhalt preſent *me*, &c.

I therefore believe, the Author wrote, as I have reform'd the Text.

Nor

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid, and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right-noble is his blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck.
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times, [*To* Vio.
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear,
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul;
As doth that orbed continent the fire,
That ſevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maids garments: he upon ſome action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio*'s ſuit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman! he's much diſtract.

Enter the Clown *with a Letter, and* Fabian.

A moſt extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtave's end, as well as a man in his caſe may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to day morning. But as a mad-man's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man—*By the Lord, Madam,*—— [*Reads*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madneſs: an your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it, i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, Sirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken Uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do myſelf much right, or you much ſhame: think of me, as you pleaſe: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury.* The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither.
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a ſiſter, as a wife;
One day ſhall crown th' alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer.
Your maſter quits you; and for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the metal of your ſex, [*To* Viola.
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding;
(And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,)
Here is my hand, you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter,——you are ſhe.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad-man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this ſame: how now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruſe that Letter,
You muſt not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then;
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,

Bad

Bad me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt thou ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee be content;
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf and Sir *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance:
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir; but that's all one: ——— *by the Lord, fool, I am not mad*; but do you remember, Madam, ——— *why laugh*

you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd: and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence,— *Cesario*, come;
(For so you shall be, while you are a man;)
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown *sings.*

When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done;
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.

THE

H. Gravelot in & del. Vol: 3 P. 177. G. Vander Gucht Scul.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.

Antipholis *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, }

Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the two* Antipholis's.
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, }
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.
Dr. Pinch, *a School-maſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *Siſter to* Adriana.
Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

THE

THE COMEDY *of* ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, Ægeon, *Jailor, and other Attendants.*

ÆGEON.

PROCEED, *Salinus*, to procure my fall
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracuſe*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity, and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracuſians* and ourſelves,

T'admit

T'admit no traffick to our adverſe towns.
Nay, more; if any born at *Epheſus*
Be ſeen at *Syracuſan* marts and fairs,
Again, if any *Syracuſan* born
Come to the bay of *Epheſus*, he dies;
His goods confiſcate to the Duke's diſpoſe,
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, *Syracuſan*, ſay in brief, the cauſe,
Why thou departed'ſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my grief unſpeakable:
Yet that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracuſa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*; 'till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,

A

A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male-twins both alike:
Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return:
Unwilling, I agreed; alas, too soon!
We came aboard.
A league from *Epidamnum* had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, tho' myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
(Weeping before, for what she saw must come;)
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me:
And this it was; (for other means were none.)
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us:
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas waxt calm; and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;

But

But ere they came——oh, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpleſs ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreckt gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

Duke. And, for the ſakes of them thou ſorrow'ſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Aſia*,

And

And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus:*
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Ægeon,* whom the fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap;
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws, (1)
(Which Princes, would they, may not disannul;)
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus,*
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailor, take him to thy custody. [*Exeunt Duke, and Train.*

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his livelesse end.

[*Exeunt* Ægeon, *and Jailor.*

(1) *Now trust me, were it not against our Laws,*
Against my Crown, my Oath, my Dignity,
Which Princes would, they may not disannul,] Thus are these Lines placed in all the former Editions. But as the single *Verb* does not agree with all the *Substantives,* which should be govern'd of it, I have ventur'd to make a Transposition; and, by a Change in the Pointing, clear'd up the Perplexity of the Sense.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *a Merchant, and* Dromio.

Mer. THerefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a *Syracuſan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt:
There is your mony, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means.

[*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. A truſty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward conſort you 'till bed-time:
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*

Ant.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio *of* Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance, thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast:
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where have you left the mony that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—six-pence, that I had a *Wednesday* last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper?
The sadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the mony?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate:
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock;
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve

Reſerve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs;
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge?
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the *Phœnix*, Sir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs and her ſiſter ſtay for you.
Ant. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my mony;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where are the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?
E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders:
But not a thouſand marks between you both.——
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. Thy miſtreſs' marks? what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?
E. Dro. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the *Phœnix*;
She, that doth faſt, 'till you come home to dinner;
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there take you that, Sir knave.
E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* Dromio.
Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-wrought of all my mony.
They ſay, this town is full of couzenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye; (2)
Dark-

(2) *As, nimble Jugglers, that deceive the Eye:*
Dark-working *Sorcerers, that change the Mind:*
Soul-killing Witches, that deform the Body] Thoſe, who attentively

Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my mony is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

attentively conſider theſe three Lines, muſt confeſs, that the Poet intended the Epithet given to each of theſe Miſcreants, ſhould declare the Power by which they perform their Feats, and which would therefore be a juſt Characteriſtick of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* Jugglers, we are taught that they perform their Tricks by *Slight of Hand:* and by *Soul-killing* Witches, we are inform'd, the Miſchief they do is by the Aſſiſtance of the Devil, to whom they have given their Souls: But then, by *dark-working* Sorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the Means by which they perform their Ends. Beſides, this Epithet agrees as well to Witches, as to them; and therefore, certainly our Author could not deſign This in their Characteriſtick. I am confident, we ſhould read;

Drug-working *Sorcerers, that change the Mind*;

And we know by the whole Hiſtory of ancient and modern Superſtition, that theſe kind of Jugglers always pretended to work Changes of the Mind by theſe Applications.

Mr. *Warburton.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Houſe of* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

ADRIANA.

NEITHER my husband nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter, and when they ſee time,
They'll go or come; if ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lyes out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſht with wo.
There's nothing ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in ſea, in sky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubjects, and at their controls:
Man, more divine, the maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more preheminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause:
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio *of* Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, did'st thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear, Beshrew his hand, I scarce could under-stand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure, my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not, cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:

Your

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he.
My mistress, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy mistress;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders:
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair.

But,

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.
Luc. Self-harming jealouſie!—fie, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe:
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it, but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that, alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled, (3)
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſie!
[*Exeunt.*

(3) *I ſee the Jewel beſt enameled*
Will loſe his beauty; yet *the gold bides ſtill*
That others touch, and *often touching will:*
Where *gold and no Man that hath a Name,*
By *Falſhood and Corruption doth it Shame.*] In this miſerable mangled Condition is this Paſſage exhibited in the firſt *Folio*. All the Editions ſince have left out the laſt Couplet of it; I preſume, as too hard for them. Mr. *Pope*, who pretends to have collated the firſt *Folio*, ſhould have ſpar'd us the Lines, at leaſt, in their Corruption. —— I communicated my Doubts upon this Paſſage to my Friend Mr. *Warburton*, and to his Sagacity I owe, in good part, the Correction of it. The Senſe of the whole is now very pertinent; which, without the two Lines from the firſt *Folio* was very imperfect; not to ſay, ridiculous. The Compariſon is fully cloſed. "Gold, "indeed, bides handling well; but, for all that, often "Touching will wear even Gold: So, no Man of a great "Character, even as pure as Gold, but may in Time loſe it "by Falſhood and Corruption.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. THE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

How now, Sir, is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no *Centaur?* you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix?* waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

S. Dro. What anſwer, Sir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, maſter, tell me?

Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beats* Dromio.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſaucineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours:
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams:

If

If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders: but, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firſt, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon,
When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhime nor reaſon?
Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir; what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry-baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

(4) *Ant.* Why is *Time* ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the money that he ſpends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

(4) Ant. *Why is Time ſuch a niggard of Hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an Excrement?*

S. Dro. *Becauſe it is a Bleſſing that he beſtows on Beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted* them *in hair, he hath given them in Wit.*] Surely this is Mock-reaſoning, and a Contradiction in Senſe. Can Hair be ſuppos'd a Bleſſing, which Time beſtows on Beaſts peculiarly; and yet that he hath *ſcanted* them of it too? *Men* and *Them*, I obſerve, are very frequently miſtaken *vice verſâ* for each other, in the old Impreſſions of our Author.

Ant.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion: but, ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana, *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown,
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, would'ſt vow,
That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me:
For know, my love, as eaſie may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf; and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd skin of my harlot-brow,

And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lûſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
I live diſ-ſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured. (5)

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame, I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk.
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio?*

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee; and in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir? I never ſaw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never ſpoke with her in all my life.

Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,

(5) *I live* diſtain'd, *thou undiſhonour'd.*] To *diſtaine* (from the *French* Word, *deſtaindre*) ſignifies, to *ſtain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the Context requires a ſenſe quite oppoſite. We muſt either read, *unſtain'd*; or, by adding an *Hyphen*, and giving the Preposition a *privative* Force, read *diſ-ſtain'd*; and then it will mean, *unſtain'd*, *undefiled*.

Abet-

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine:
Whoſe weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate;
If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, brier, or idle moſs;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.

Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theam:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the *Fairy* land: oh, ſpight of ſpights!
We talk with goblins, ouphs, and elviſh ſprights; (6)
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not? (7)
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!

S. Dro. I am transformed, maſter, am not I?

Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and ſo am I.

S. Dro.

(6) *We talk with Goblins,* Owls, *and elviſh Sprights*;] They might fancy, they talk'd with Goblins and Sprights; but why with *Owls*, in the Name of Nonſenſe? Or could *Owls* ſuck their Breath, and pinch them black and blue? I dare ſay, my Readers will acquieſce in the Juſtneſs of my Emendation here: The Word is common with our Author in other Paſſages.

(7) *Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf?*

Dromio, *thou* Dromio, *ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot.*] In the firſt of theſe Lines, Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* have Both, for what Reaſon I cannot tell, curtail'd the Meaſure, and diſ-

S. Dro. Nay, maſter, both in mind and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her, as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the Eye and weep,
Whilſt man and maſter laugh my woes to ſcorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any ask you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, ſiſter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguiſ'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo;
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

mounted the doggrel Rhyme, which I have replac'd from the firſt *Folio*. The ſecond Verſe is there likewiſe read;

Dromio, *thou* Dromio, *thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot.*

The Verſe is thus half a Foot too long; my Correction cures that Fault: beſides *Drone* correſponds with the other Appellations of Reproach.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Street before* Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you muſt excuſe us;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours;
Say that I linger'd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her carkanet;
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:
Thou, drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say, what you will, Sir; but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow;
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an aſs.

E. Dro. Marry, ſo it don't appear (8)
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear;

(8) *Marry, ſo it* doth *appear,*
By the Wrongs I ſuffer, and the Blows I bear.] Thus all the printed Copies. But, certainly, This is Croſs-purpoſes in Reaſoning. It appears, *Dromio* is an Aſs by his making no Reſiſtance: becauſe an Aſs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our Author never argues at this wild Rate, where his Text is genuine.

I ſhould kick, being kickt; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah, Signior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, ſoft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

S. Dro. [*within.*] Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you muſt not: come again, when you may.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio*

E. Dro. O villain, thou haſt ſtoll'n both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadſt been *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. [*within*] What a coile is there, *Dromio?* who are thoſe at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my maſter in, *Luce.*

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;

And ſo tell your maſter.

E. Dro. O lord, I muſt laugh;

Have at you with a *Proverb.*—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's when, can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I trow?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you ſaid, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock, 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this *knave* would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.

E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you ſtand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be ſo bought and ſold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It ſeems thou wanteſt breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in, go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, maſter, mean you ſo?

For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be ſo.
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th' inviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this;—your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe,
Why at this time the doors are barr'd againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner;
And about evening come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.
E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of wrath, (9) mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,

(9) *And, in Deſpight of* Mirth,] In deſpight of what *Mirth?* We don't find, that it was any Joke, or matter of Mirth, to be ſhut out of Doors by his Wife. I make no Doubt therefore, but I have reſtor'd the true Reading. *Antipholis*'s Paſſion is plain enough all thro' this Scene: and, in the next Act, we find him confeſſing how angry He was at this Juncture.——*And did not I in* Rage *depart from thence?* The Circumſtances, I think, ſufficiently juſtify my Emendation.

And

And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*;
For there's the houſe: that chain will I beſtow,
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there. Good Sir, make haſte:
Since mine own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do ſo; this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Houſe of* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. AND may it be, that you have quite forgot (10)
A husband's office? ſhall, *Antipholis*, hate,
Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's ſake uſe her with more kindneſs;
Or if you like elſwhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs;

(10) *And may it be, that you have quite forgot*
An Husband's Office? Shall, Antipholis,
Ev'n in the Spring of Love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings *grow ſo ruinate?*] This Paſſage has hitherto labour'd under a double Corruption. What Conceit could our Editors have of *Love in Buildings*, growing ruinate? Our Poet meant no more than this: Shall thy Love-ſprings rot, even in the Spring of Love? and ſhall thy Love grow ruinous, ev'n while it is but building up? The next Corruption is by an accident at Preſs, as I take it; This Scene for Fifty two Lines ſucceſſively is ſtrictly in alternate Rhymes: and this Meaſure is never broken, but in the *Second*, and *Fourth*, Lines of theſe two Couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a Monoſyllable dropt from the Tail of the Second Verſe: and I have ventur'd to ſupply it by, I hope, a probable Conjecture.

Let

Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty:
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair preſence, tho' your heart be tainted:
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
Alas, poor women! make us but believe, (11)
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Tho' others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife;
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:)
Leſs in your knowledge and your grace you ſhow not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthly groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words' deceit;

(11) *Alas, poor Women! make us not believe,* &c.] From the whole Tenour of the Context it is evident, that this Negative *(not,)* got Place in the firſt Copies inſtead of *but*. And theſe two Monoſyllables have by Miſtake reciprocally diſpoſſeſs'd one another in many other Paſſages of our Author's Works. Nothing can be more plain than the Poet's Senſe in this Paſſage. Women, *ſays he,* are ſo eaſy of Faith, that only make them believe you love them, and they'll take the bare Profeſſion, for the Subſtance and Reality.

Againſt

Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then, well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, *Siren*, for thyſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think,
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.
S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me, love? call my ſiſter ſo.
S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
S. Ant. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
S. Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh, ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will.

[*Exit* Luciana.

Enter

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, *Dromio*, where runſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio?* I am your man! am I myſelf?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.

S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſuch a claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt, not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is ſhe a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if ſhe lives 'till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; for why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault, that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah*'s flood could not do it.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. (12) What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir;—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland?*

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland?*

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenneſs, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. (13) Where *France?*

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her heir.———

S. Ant.

(12) S. Ant. *What's her Name?*

S. Dro. Nell, *Sir*; *but her Name is three Quarters*; *that is, an Ell and three Quarters*, &c.] This Paſſage has hitherto lain as perplext and unintelligible, as it is now eaſy, and truly humourous. If a *Conundrum* be reſtor'd, in ſetting it right, who can help it? There are enough beſides in our Author, and *Ben Johnſon,* to countenance that current Vice of the Times when this Play appear'd. Nor is Mr. *Pope,* in the *Chaſtity* of his Taſte, to briſtle up at Me for the Revival of this Witticiſm, ſince I owe the Correction to the Sagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby.*

(13) S. Ant. *Where* France?

S. Dro. *In her Forehead*; *arm'd and reverted, making War againſt her* Hair.] All the other Countries, mention'd in this Deſcription, are in *Dromio*'s Replies ſatirically characteriz'd: but here, as the Editors have order'd it, no Remark is made upon *France*; nor any Reaſon given, why it ſhould be in her Forehead: but only the Kitchen-wench's high Forehead is rallied, as puſhing back her *Hair.* Thus all the modern Editions; but the firſt Folio reads———*making War againſt her* Heir.———And I am very apt to think, this Laſt is the true Reading; and that an *Equivoque,* as the *French* call it, a double Meaning is deſign'd in the Poet's Alluſion: and therefore I have replac'd it in the Text. In 1589, *Henry* III. of *France* being

S. Ant. Where *England?*

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them; but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain?*

S. Dro. Faith, I ſaw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſaphires; declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who ſent whole armadoes of carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

S. Ant. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i'th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee preſently; poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me:

being ſtab'd, and dying of his Wound, was ſucceeded by *Henry* IV. of *Navarre*, whom he appointed his Succeſſor; but whoſe Claim the States of *France* reſiſted, on account of his being a Proteſtant. This, I take it, is what he means, by *France* making *War* againſt her *Heir*. Now as, in 1591, Queen *Elizabeth* ſent over 4000 Men, under the Conduct of the Earl of *Eſſex*, to the Aſſiſtance of this *Henry* of *Navarre*; it ſeems to me very probable, that during this Expedition being on foot, this Comedy made its Appearance. And it was the fineſt Addreſs imaginable in the Poet, to throw ſuch an oblique Sneer at *France*, for oppoſing the Succeſſion of that *Heir*, whoſe Claim his Royal Miſtreſs, the Queen, had ſent over a Force to eſtabliſh, and oblige them to acknowledge.

If

If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.
S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*
S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possest with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo, *with a Chain.*

Ang. Master *Antipholis*,———
S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.
Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
I thought t' have ta'en you at the *Porcupine*;
The chain, unfinish'd, made me stay thus long.
S. Ant. What is your will, that I shall do with this?
Ang. What please yourself, Sir; I have made it for you.
S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times, you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my mony for the chain.
S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now;
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor mony, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*
S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* stay;
If any ship put out, then strait away. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

MERCHANT.

YOU know, ſince *Pentecoſt* the ſum is due;
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction;
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*;
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock,
I ſhall receive the mony for the ſame:
Pleaſe you but walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus, *as from the Courtezan's.*

Offi. That labour you may ſave: ſee, where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, ſoft; I ſee the goldſmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* Dromio.

E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain:
But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike,

Belike, you thought, our love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together; therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, the chargeful faſhion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more,
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent mony:
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town;
Good Signior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope, you have:
Or elſe you may return without your mony.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtay for this gentleman;
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porcupine:*
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it;
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, Sir, diſpatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain——

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you ev'n now.
Or ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.

Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. I anſwer you? why ſhould I anſwer you?
Ang. The mony that you owe me for the chain.
E. Ant. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.
E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.
Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it; Conſider, how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.
Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Conſent to pay for that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Ang. Here is thy fee, arreſt him, officer;
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Offi. I do arreſt you, Sir; you hear the ſuit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail.
But, Sirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.
Ang. Sir, Sir, I ſhall have law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe, *from the Bay.*

S. Dro. Maſter, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, ſhe bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *Oyl*, the *Balſamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.
E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peeviſh ſheep,
What ſhip of *Epidamnum* ſtays for me?
S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.
E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And

And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.
S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's-end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.
E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee ſtrait,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet.
And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*
S. Dro. To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her husband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* E. Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. AH, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That de did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. Firſt he deny'd, you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my ſpight.
Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.
Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what ſaid he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.

Adr.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and ſere,
I'll-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
S. Dro. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy maſter, *Dromio?* is he well?
S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worſe than hell;
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A fiend, a fury, pitileſs and rough, (14)
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that commands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One, that, before the judgment, carries poor ſouls to hell.

(14) *A Fiend, a* Fairy, *pitileſs and rough.*] *Dromio* here bringing Word in haſte that his Maſter is arreſted, deſcribes the *Bailiff* by Names proper to raiſe Horror and Deteſtation of ſuch a Creature, ſuch as, a *Devil*, a *Fiend*, a *Wolf*, &c. But how does *Fairy* come up to theſe terrible Ideas? Or with what Propriety can it be uſed here? Does he mean, that a Bailiff is like a Fairy in ſtealing away his Maſter? The trueſt Believers of thoſe little Phantoms never pretended to think, that they ſtole any thing but Children. Certainly, it will ſort better in Senſe with the other Names annex'd, as well as the Character of a Catch-pole, to conclude that the Poet wrote;
——*a Fiend, a* Fury, &c.

Adr.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well; but he's in a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that I can tell. Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the mony in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter. This I wonder at,
[*Exit* Luciana.
That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt!
Tell me, was he arreſted on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a ſtronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a ſerjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

S. Dro. *Time* is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men ſay,
That *Time* comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the mony, bear it ſtrait,
And bring thy maſter home immediately.
Come, ſiſter, I am preſt down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. THERE's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender mony to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me
And therewithal took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; (15) what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new-apparel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* doſt thou mean?

(15) *what, have you got the Picture of old* Adam *new-apparel'd?*] A ſhort Word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome Accident in copying, or at Preſs; otherwiſe I have no Conception of the Meaning of the Paſſage. The Caſe is this. *Dromio*'s Maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his Servant home for Mony to redeem him: He running back with the Mony meets the Twin *Antipholis*, whom he miſtakes for his Maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the *Officer* before the Mony was come, he cries in a Surpriſe;

What, have you got rid of *the Picture of old* Adam *new-apparel'd?* For ſo I have ventur'd to ſupply, by Conjecture. But why is the Officer call'd old *Adam* new-apparel'd? The Alluſion is to *Adam* in his State of Innocence going naked; and immediately after the Fall being cloath'd in a Frock of *Skins*. Thus he was new-apparell'd: and, in like manner, the *Sergeants* of the *Counter* were formerly clad in *Buff*, or *Calves-skin*, as the Author humouroufly a little lower calls it.

S. Dro. Not that *Adam*, that kept the paradiſe; but that *Adam*, that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves-skin, that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe; he that went like a baſe-viol in a caſe of leather; the man, Sir, that when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance; he, that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the ſerjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt!

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there reſt in your foolery:
Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay*; here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter *Antipholis*.
I ſee, Sir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, God dam me, that's as much as to ſay, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is

is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio?*

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine, you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise; an if you give it her, the devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Courtezan.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, *Antipholis* is mad;
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason, that I gather, he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his own door being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest chuse;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Ephesus, *with a Jailor.*

E. Ant. FEAR me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much mony,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.——

Enter Dromio *of* Ephesus, *with a Rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the mony.
How now, Sir, have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a a rope's-end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [*Beats* Dromio.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would, I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and* Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecie, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.———

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats* Dromio.

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.
Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extaſie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers;
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtrait,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. *Sans* fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. *Certes*, she did, the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did I not in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you mony to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Mony by me? heart and good will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of mony.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possest;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confedrate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out thoſe falſe eyes,
That would behold me in this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;——the fiend is ſtrong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murther me? thou jailor, thou,
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?

Offi. Maſters; let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?

Offi. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[*They bind* Antipholis *and* Dromio.
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good maſter Doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe. Oh, moſt unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, moſt unhappy ſtrumpet!

E. Dro. Maſter, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good maſter; cry, the devil.——

Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence; ſiſter, ſtay you with me.
[*Exeunt* Pinch, Antipholis, *and* Dromio.
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, *and Courtezan.*

Offi. One *Angelo,* a goldſmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man; what is the ſum he owes?
Offi. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Offi. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now)
Strait after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.
Come, jailor, bring me where the the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *with his Rapier drawn, and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Antipholis *and* Dromio.

S. Ant. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur,* fetch our ſtuff from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.
S. Dro. Faith, ſtay here this night; they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpake us fair, gave us gold; methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.
S. Ant. I will not ſtay to night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard; [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Street, before a Priory.*

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I Am ſorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Tho' moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much,
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance and oaths ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly;
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſie,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir, and forſwore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou know'ſt, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my house.
S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house;
This is some priory; in, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I'm sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sower, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But, 'till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference. (16)
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theam;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moodie and dull melancholy,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life.
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt,
To be diſturb'd would mad or man or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy husband from the uſe of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himſelf rough, rude and wildly;
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

(16) *It was the* Copy *of our Conference.*] We are not to underſtand this Word here, as it is now uſed, in Oppoſition to an *Original*; any Thing done after a Pattern; but we are to take it in the neareſt Senſe to the *Latine* Word *Copia*, from which it is derived. *Adriana* would ſay, her Reproofs were the Burden, the Fulneſs of her Conference, all the Subject of her Talk. And in theſe Acceptations the Word *Copie* was uſed by Writers before our Author's Time, as well as by his Contemporaries.

Abb.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my houſe.
Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands;
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholſome ſirups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs
To ſeparate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
[*Exit* Abbeſs.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in perſon hither;
And take perforce my husband from the Abbeſs.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm ſure, the Duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend *Syracuſan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he paſs the abbey.

Enter

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon *bare-headed; with the Headſman, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred Duke, againſt the Abbeſs.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,
(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,) this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſp'rately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,
He broke from thoſe, that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant and himſelf,
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; 'till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſu'd them;
And here the Abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince thy husband ſerv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's word,
(When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,)
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate;

And

And bid the lady Abbeſs come to me.
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave your ſelf;
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My maſter preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:
And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.

Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband; witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

Enter Antipholis, *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice, moſt gracious Duke, oh, grant me juſtice.
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life, even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

Ægeon Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet Prince, againſt that woman there:
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,

Ev'n

Ev'n in the ſtrength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.
Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.
E. Ant. This day, great Duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me;
Whilſt ſhe with harlots feaſted in my houſe.
Duke. A grievous fault; ſay, woman, didſt thou ſo?
Adr. No, my good lord: myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To day did dine together: ſo befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burthens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forſworn.
In this the mad-man juſtly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am adviſed, what I ſay.
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire;
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it; for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the *Porcupine*,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him; in the ſtreet I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain;
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not; for the which.
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey, and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By th' way we met my wife, her ſiſter, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,

A

A thread bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, out facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey-walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me;
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heav'n!
And this is falſe, you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think, you all have drunk of *Circe*'s cup;
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been?
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirrah, what ſay you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine.*

Cour. He did, and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour.

Cour. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange; go call the Abbeſs hither; I think, you are all mated, or ſtark mad.

[*Ex. one to the Abbeſs.*

Ægeon. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:
Haply, I ſee a friend, will ſave my life;
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracuſan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis?*
And is not that your bond-man *Dromio?*

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our ſelves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, truſt me, Sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am ſure, thou doſt.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am ſure, I do not: and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh! time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;

My

My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes, I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my ſon *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But ſeven years ſince, in *Syracuſa*-bay,
Thou know'ſt, we parted; but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt t'acknowledge me in miſery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo:
I ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracuſan*, twenty years
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa*:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

Enter the Abbeſs, with Antipholis Syracuſan, *and* Dromio Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to ſee him.*

Adr. I ſee two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is *Genius* to the other;
And ſo of theſe which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; pray let me ſtay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

S. Dro. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds;
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'ſt the man,
That hadſt a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair ſons?
Oh, if thou be'ſt the ſame *Ægeon*, ſpeak;
And ſpeak unto the ſame *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:
Theſe two *Antipholis's*, theſe two ſo like,
And thoſe two *Dromio's*, one in ſemblance:
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,
Theſe plainly are the parents to theſe children,

Which

Which accidentally are met together.
Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
If thou art ſhe, tell me where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.
Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamnum*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.
Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.
S. Ant. No, Sir, not I; I came from *Syracuſe*.
Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not, which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my moſt gracious Lord.
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior,
Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle miſtreſs.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I ſay *nay* to that.
S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet ſhe did call me ſo:
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dream, I ſee and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arreſted me.
Ang. I think, I did, Sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you mony, Sir, to be your bail,
By *Dromio*; but, I think, he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me;
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors all aroſe.

E. Ant.

A. Ant. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's Error
Have ſuffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye ſhall have full ſatisfaction.
Twenty five years have I but gone in travel (17)
Of you my ſons; nor, 'till this preſent hour,
My heavy burthens are delivered:
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt and go with me:
After ſo long grief ſuch nativity!
Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.
[*Exeunt.*

(17) Thirty-three *years.*] 'Tis impoſſible the Poet could be ſo forgetful, as to deſign this Number here: and therefore I have ventur'd to alter it to *twenty five*, upon a Proof, that, I think, amounts to Demonſtration. The Number, I preſume, was at firſt wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the Miſtake might ariſe. *Ægeon*, in the firſt Scene of the firſt Act, is preciſe as to the Time his Son left him, in Queſt of his Brother:

My youngeſt Boy, and yet my eldeſt Care,
At eighteen *Years became inquiſitive*
After his Brother, &c.

And how long it was from the Son's thus parting from his Father, to their meeting again at *Epheſus*, where *Ægeon*, miſtakenly, recognizes the Twin-brother for him; we as preciſely learn from another Paſſage in the fifth Act.

Æge. *But* ſeven *years ſince, in* Syracuſa-*bay,*
Thou knew'ſt we parted;

So that theſe two Numbers, put together, ſettle the Date of their Birth beyond Diſpute.

Manent

Manent the two Antipholis's, *and two* Dromio's.

S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhip-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, *Dromio*.
Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* Antipholis S. *and* E.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth:
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir? you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a queſtion:
How ſhall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the ſenior:
'Till then, lead thou firſt.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus——— [*Embracing.*
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another!

[*Exeunt.*

THE

H.Gravelot in Vol: 3. P: 239.

G.V.rd Gucht Scul.

THE

WINTER's

TALE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillius, *young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomines, Dion, } Sicilian *Lords*.
Another Sicilian *Lord*.
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord*.
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman*.
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Goaler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolicus, *a Rogue*.
Time, *as* Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *Attendant on the Queen*.
Two other Ladies.
Mopſa, Dorcas, } *Shepherdeſſes*.

Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Sicilia; *ſometimes, in* Bohemia.

THE

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an Antichamber in* Leontes's *PALACE.*

Enter Camillo, *and* Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.

F you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot; you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the viſitation, which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves; for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence—— in ſo rare —I know not what to ſay—we will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak, as my Underſtanding inſtructs me; and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their incounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, tho' abſent; ſhook hands, as over a Vaſt; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves! ———

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius:* it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches, ere he was born, deſire yet their life to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the King had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches 'till he had one.

SCENE *opens to the Preſence.*

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, *and Attendants.*

Pol. NINE Changes of the watry ſtar hath been
The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our Throne
Without

Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thouſands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I'm queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence, that may blow
No ſneaping winds at home, to make us ſay,
"This is put forth too truly." Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer Stay.

Leo. One ſev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th' world,
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You'd drawn oaths from him not to ſtay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure,
All in *Bohemia*'s well: this ſatisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong,

But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
[*To* Polixenes.
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest (1)
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, (good deed) *Leontes*,
I love thee not a jar o' th' clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?
Pol. No, Madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going: *verily*,
"You shall not go;" a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your Guest then, Madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easie to commit,
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hostess; come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:

(1)——————*behind the* gest
Prescrib'd for's parting:] I have not ventur'd to alter the Text, tho', I freely own, I can neither trace, nor understand, the Phrase. I have suspected, that the Poet wrote;
——————*behind the* just
Prescrib'd for's parting.
i. e. the just, precise, time; the instant; (where Time is likewise understood) by an *Elleipsis* practis'd in all Tongues.

You

You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o'th' two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; th' imposition clear'd, (2)
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather,
You have tript since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!——
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;——
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not,
With any but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leo. At my request he would not:
Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st

(2)——————*th' Imposition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] i. e. setting aside *Original Sin*: bating That Imposition from the Offence of our first Parents, we might have boldly protested our Innocence to Heaven, against any Guilt committed by Ourselves.

To better purpoſe.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?

I pr'ythee, tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue-leſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon That.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace!*
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſowr'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. 'Tis grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other, for ſome while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot——— [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me——my heart dances;
But not for joy——not joy.——This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,
And well become the Agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs——and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer; oh, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows——*Mamillius*,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks!

Why,

Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy
noſe?
They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling
[*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm?——how now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that
I have,
To be full like me.—Yet they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing; but were they falſe,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; falſe
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye, ſweet villain.
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop—can thy dam—may't be—
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' center.
Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams——(how can this be?)
With what's unreal, Thou co-active art,
And fellow'ſt Nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And That beyond commiſſion; and I find it;
And That to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.
Pol. What means *Sicilia?*
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.
Pol. How? my lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much Diſtraction.
Are not you mov'd, my lord?
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs! and make itſelf a paſtime

To harder boſoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter; and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for mony?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole! — My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parafite, my ſoldier, ſtates-man, all;
He makes a *July*'s day ſhort as *December*;
And with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.

Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will ſeek us,
We are yours i' th' garden: ſhall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
[*Exe.* Polix. Her. *and attendants.* *Manent* Leo. Mam. *and* Cam.
To her allowing husband. Gone already,
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears, a fork'd one.
Go,

Go, play, boy, play — thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play ——— there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in's absence;
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.
From east, west, north and south, be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of's
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, *Mamillius*. —— thou'rt an honest man: [*Exit* Mamillius.
Camillo, this Great Sir will yet stay longer

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions made;
His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower meſſes,
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my lord! I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſs, and th' intreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leo. Satisfie
Th' intreaties of your miſtreſs? ſatisfie?
Let That ſuffice. I've truſted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things neareſt my heart; as well
My chamber-councels, wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom: I from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
In that, which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord———

Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant graſted in my ſerious Truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game plaid home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful; (3)

In

(3) *I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;*
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his Negligence, his Folly, Fear,
Amongſt the infinite Doings of the World

Some-

In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo Ha'not you seen, *Camillo*,
(But that's past doubt, you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannnot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not think it;)
My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess;
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight; say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign Mistress clouded so, without

Sometimes puts forth in your Affairs, *my Lord.*] Most accurate Pointing this, and fine Nonsense the Result of it! The old *Folio's* first blunder'd thus, and Mr. *Rowe* by Inadvertence (if he read the Sheets at all,) overlook'd the Fault. Mr. *Pope*, like a most obsequious Editor, has taken the Passage on Content, and pursued the Track of Stupidity. I dare say, every understanding Reader will allow, my Reformation of the Pointing has entirely retriev'd the Place from Obscurity, and reconcil'd it to the Author's Meaning.

My

My preſent vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meating noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unſeen, be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd Opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay, thou lieſt, *Camillo*, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, a mindleſs ſlave,
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck; *Bohemia*, —— who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do That
Which ſhould undo more Doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner forme
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heav'n ſees earth, and earth ſees heav'n,

How

How I am gall'd :) thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh potion,
But with a lingring dram, that ſhould not work,
Maliciouſly, like poiſon: but I cannot (4)
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee.——Make't thy Queſtion, and go rot:
Doſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint my ſelf in this vexation ? Sully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
(Which to preſerve, is ſleep ; which being ſpotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps :)
Give ſcandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't ? would I do this?
Could man ſo blench ?

(4)——————*but I cannot*
Believe this crack to be in my dread Miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee.——————

Leo. *Make that thy Queſtion and go rot.*] This paſſage wants very little weighing, to determine ſafely upon it, that the laſt Hemiſtich aſſign'd to *Camillo*, muſt have been miſtakenly placed to him. It is a ſtrange Inſtance of Diſreſpect and Inſolence in *Camillo* to his King and Maſter, to tell him that He has once lov'd him. ——— But Senſe and Reaſon will eaſily acquit our Poet from ſuch an Impropriety. I have ventur'd at a Tranſpoſition, which ſeems ſelf-evident. *Camillo* will not be perſuaded into a Suſpicion of the Diſloyalty imputed to his Miſtreſs. The King, who believes Nothing but his Jealouſy, provok'd that *Camillo* is ſo obſtinately diffident, finely ſtarts into a Rage and cries ;

I've lov'd thee.———*Make't thy Queſtion, and go rot.* i. e. I have tender'd thee well, *Camillo*, but I here cancel all former Reſpect at once. If Thou any longer make a Queſtion of my Wife's Diſloyalty ; go from my Preſence, and Perdition overtake thee for thy Stubbornneſs.

Cam.

Cam. I muſt believe you, Sir;
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as yours at firſt,
Even for your ſon's ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beveridge,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leo. This is all;
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me.

[*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable lady! but, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck ancinted Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany it ſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar reign now!
Here comes *Bohemia*.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?——

Good

Good day, *Camillo*.
Cam. Hail, moſt royal Sir!
Pol. What is the news i'th' court!
Cam. None rare, my Lord.
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.
Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.
Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſilisk.
I've look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk like experienc'd, (which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle;) I beſeech you,
If you know aught, which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not anſwer.
Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, *Camillo*,

I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine,) that thou declare,
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo.*

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then my beſt blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhun'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this though over (5)

By

(5) Cam. —— *Swear* his Thought *over*
By each particular Star in Heaven, &c.] The Tranſpoſition of a ſingle Letter reconciles this Paſſage to good Senſe; which is not ſo, as the Text ſtands in all the printed Copies. *Polixenes*, in the preceding Speech, had been laying the deepeſt Imprecations on himſelf, if he had ever abus'd *Leontes* in any Familiarity with his Queen. To which *Camillo* very pertinently replies:

—— *Swear*

By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counſel ſhake,
The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I'm ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,
That lies incloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to night;
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth:
Thereon his execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.——This jealouſie
Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man, which ever

——— *Swear* this though *over*, &c.

i. e. Sir, Though you ſhould proteſt your Innocence never ſo often, and call every Star and Saint in Heaven to witneſs to your Adjuration; yet Jealouſy is ſo rooted in my Maſter's Boſom, that All you can ſay and ſwear will have no Force to remove it.

Profeſs'd

Profeſs'd to him; why, his revenges muſt
In That be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen; part of his theam, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! Come, *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your Highneſs,
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and Ladies.*

HERMIONE.

TAKE the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if I were a baby ſtill; I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my Lord?

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; (yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.)

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now
What colour be your eye brows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 *Lady.*

1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince
One of theſe days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.
2 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk; (good time encounter her!)
Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter.
I have one of ſprights and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprights: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man ———
Her. Nay, come ſit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard; ——— I will tell it ſoftly:
Yond crickets ſhall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords.*

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd
In being ſo bleſt! There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent hefts. ——— I have drunk, and ſeen the ſpider. ——— *Camillo*

Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted: that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: how came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy; I'm glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.———

Her. What is this, ſport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with: for 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay, he had not;
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, ſhe is a goodly lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without door form,
(Which on my faith deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtrait
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha,—(theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe: oh, I am out,——
That mercy do's; for calumny will ſear
Virtue it ſelf.) Theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known,
(From him, that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be;)
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,

He

He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees;
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar.——I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs ; I have ſaid with whom:
More ; ſhe's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile Principal, that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That Vulgars give bold'ſt titles ; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this : how will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me ? gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No, if I miſtake
In theſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far of guilty, (6)
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns;
I muſt be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping ; (as our ſex

(6) *He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far off guilty,*
But that he ſpeaks.] This cannot be the Speaker's Meaning. *Leontes* would ſay, I ſhall hold the Perſon *in a great meaſure* guilty, who ſhall dare to intercede for her: And this I believe, *Shakeſpeare* ventur'd to expreſs thus :

He who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far of *guilty*, &c.

i. e. partakes far, deeply, of her Guilt.

Commonly

Commonly are,) the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's will be perform'd!——

Leo. Shall I be heard!———

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? 'beſeech your Highneſs,
My women may be with me, for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall. My women,—come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exit* Queen, *guarded*; *and Ladies.*

Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three Great ones ſuffer,
Your ſelf, your Queen, your ſon.

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I'th' eyes of heaven, and to you, (I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.)

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtables where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and ſee, no further truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord,———

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for our ſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,

That

That will be damn'd for't; 'would, I knew the villain,
I would land-damm him: be ſhe honour flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myſelf, then they
Should not produce fair iſſue.

Leo. Ceaſe; no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe; I ſee't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't, how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counſels, but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you, (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill,) cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my Liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo*'s flight,
Added to their familiarity,

(Which

(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only; nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing; all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed) doth puſh on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to th' minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to ſpeak in publick; for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Enter Paulina, *and a Gentleman.*

Paul. THE keeper of the priſon, call to him:
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in priſon? now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Re enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.

Goa. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen. *Goa.*

Goa. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have expreſs commandment.
Paul. Here's ado to lock up honeſty and honour from
Th' acceſs of gentle viſitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To ſee her women? any of them? *Emilia?*
Goa. So pleaſe you, Madam,
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Paul. I pray you now, call her:
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt Gent.* &c.
Goa. And, Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.
Paul. Well; be it ſo, pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well, as one ſo great and ſo forlorn
May hold together; On her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, My poor priſoner,
I'm innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be ſworn:
Theſe dangerous, unſafe lunes i' th' King! beſhrew
them, (7)
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall; the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter;

(7) *Theſe dang'rous, unſafe* Lunes *i' th' King!* ——] I have no where, but in our Author, obſerv'd this Word adopted in our Tongue, to ſignify, *Frenzy, Lunacy.* But it is a Mode of Expreſſion with the *French*: —— *Il y a de* lune: (i. e. He has got the Moon in his Head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. *Lune.* folie. *Les femmes ont des* lunes *dans la tête.* Richelet.

And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'ſt. We do not know,
How he may ſoften at the ſight o' th' child:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Pleaſe your ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who but to day hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll uſe that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the Queen: pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.

Goa. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By law and proceſs of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the Queen.

Goa. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Leo. NOR night, nor day, no reſt; —— it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; meer weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being; part o' th' cauſe,
She, the adultreſs; for the Harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Atten. He took good reſt to night; 'tis hop'd,
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.
Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go,
[*Exit Attendant.*
See how he fares.—Fie, fie, no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoyl upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter Paulina, *with a Child.*

Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
Atten. [*within*] Madam, he hath not slept to night; commanded,
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings; such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.
Leo. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my Lord, but needful conference,
About some gossips for your Highness.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious lady.——*Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.
Ant. I told her so, my Lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leo. What? can'st not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. Lo-you now, you hear,
When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come ———
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,

Your

Your moſt obedient counſellor: yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeems yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I ſay, good Queen;
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But firſt, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! hence with her, out o' door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not ſo;
I am as ignorant in That, as you
In ſo intit'ling me; and no leſs honeſt,
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.

Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard.

[*To* Antigonus.

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unroofted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy croan.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'ſt up the Princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would, you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A neſt of traytors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any

But one that's here; and that's himself. For he
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leo. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!——This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of *Polixenes.*
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good Goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leo. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;
It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,

But

But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours; *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit! What need theſe hands?
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leo. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtrait:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo:
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

Lords. We can; my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither:

Leo. You're liars all.

Lords. 'Beſeech your Highneſs, give us better credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel ——

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this baſtard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.— You, Sir, come you hither;
[*To* Antigonus.
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; (for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's gray) what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent; any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoyn thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
(Without more mercy,) to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where chance may nurſe, or end it. Take it up,.

Ant. I ſwear to do this: tho' a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! Wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require; and bleſſing,
Againſt

Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide!
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs.— [*Exit, with the Child.*
Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your Highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to th' oracle, are come
An hour ſince. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to th' court.
Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.
Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: this good ſpeed foretels,
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords,
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal Lady; for as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open tryal. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Part of* Sicily, *near the Sea-ſide.*

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion.

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,
Fertile the iſle, the temple much ſurpaſſing,
The common praiſe it bears.
Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,

(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice——
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafning voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to *Jove*'s thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as successful to the Queen, (O be't so!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business; when the oracle,
(Thus by *Apollo*'s great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses:
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *represents a court of Justice.*

Leontes, *Lords and Officers, appear properly seated.*

Leo. THIS session, (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Ev'n pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; —— let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner. ———

Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Hermione

Hermione *is brought in, guarded*; Paulina, *and Ladies, attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia, *and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but That
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty: mine integrity,
Being counted falshood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my Lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only That I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,

With what encounter so uncurrant I
Have strain'd t' appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of those bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more than I,) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,

And

And I but dream'd it: — as you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your Fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to it ſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek:
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your Favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
The firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
(Starr'd moſt unluckily,) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; my ſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; with immodeſt hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion: lattly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; miſtake me not; no life,——
I prize it not a ſtraw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes, (all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake,) I tell you,
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s name, his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Ruſſia* was my father,

Oh,

Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's tryal; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge!

Offi. You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This seal'd up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s Priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the Seals, and read.

Offi. Hermione *is chaste*, Polixenes *blameless*, Camillo *a true Subject*, Leontes, *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King shall live without an heir, if That, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo!*

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The Session shall proceed; this is meer falshood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the King, the King,——

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's Speed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo*'s angry, and the heav'ns themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now, there?

[Her. *faints.*

Pau. This news is mortal to the Queen, look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt* Paulina *and ladies with* Hermione.

I

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon
My great Prophaneneſs 'gainſt thine Oracle!
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*;
(Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy)
For being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the Miniſter, to poiſon
My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift Command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour: how he gliſters
Through my dark Ruſt! and how his Piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too.———
Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Pau. What ſtudied torments, Tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
burning
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny
Together working with thy Jealouſies,
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!) O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.

That

That thou betray'dſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing; (8)
That did but ſhew thee of a Soul inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good *Camillo*'s honour,
To have him kill a King: poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by; whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer; but the laſt, O lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe! the Queen, the Queen,—
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher Powers forbid!

Pau. I ſay, ſhe's dead, I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture or luſtre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but Deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the Gods.

(8) *That thou betray'dſt* Polixenes, *'twas Nothing;*
That did but ſhew thee, of a Fool, *inconſtant,*
And damnable ingrateful.] I have ventur'd at a ſlight Alteration here, againſt the Authority of all the Copies. It is certainly too groſs and blunt in *Paulina*, tho' She might impeach the King of Fooleries, in ſome of his paſt Actions and Conduct, to call him downright a Fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign his Morals, and the Qualities of his Mind, than rudely to call him *Idiot* to his Face.

To

To look that way thou wert.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.
Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldneſs of your ſpeech.
Pau. I am ſorry for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman;
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!——
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.
Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon;
One Grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
One ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The Chapel where they lye, and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come, and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Bohemia. *A desart Country; the Sea at a little distance.*

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. THOU art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The desarts of *Bohemia?*

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear,
We've landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o' th' business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits of the dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. "Good *Antigonus*,
"Since fate, against thy better disposition,
"Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,

"Places

" Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
" There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
" Is counted loſt for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
" I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle buſineſs,
" Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
" Thy wife *Paulina* more."——And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
There lye, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins;——Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow, (weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.) Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heav'ns ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! this is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting—hark you now!—would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcar'd away two of my beſt ſheep, which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find than the maſter; if any where

I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very pretty bearne! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; ſure, ſome 'ſcape: tho' I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my ſon come: he hollow'd but even now; Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa! ———

Shep. What, art ſo near? if thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea and by land; but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea; for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore; but that's not to the point; oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land ſervice, ———to ſee how the Bear tore out his ſhoulder bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid, his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ſhip, to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

(9) *Shep.*

(9) *Shep.* 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the nobleman.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ſhip-ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. —— [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a ſquire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; ſo, let's ſee: it was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies. This is ſome changling: open't; what's within, boy?

(10) *Clo.* You're a made old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! ——

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove ſo. Up with it, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecreſie. Let my ſheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go ſee if the Bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'ſt diſcern by

(9) Shep. *Would, I had been by to have help'd the* old *Man.*] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this reading, I am perſuaded, we ought to reſtore, *Nobleman.* The Shepherd knew nothing of *Antigonus*'s Age; beſides, the Clown had juſt told his Father, that he ſaid, his Name was *Antigonus* a *Nobleman*, and no leſs than three times in this ſhort Scene, the Clown, ſpeaking of him, calls him the *Gentleman.*

(10) *You're a* mad *old Man*; *if the Sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all Gold!*] This the Clown ſays upon his opening his Fardel, and diſcovering the Wealth in it. But this is no Reaſon why he ſhould call his Father a mad *old Man.* I have ventur'd to correct in the Text.—— *You're a* made *old Man:* i. e. your Fortune's made by this adventitious Treaſure. So our Poet, in a Number of other Paſſages.

that

that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, that pleaſe ſome, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that mask and unfold error; (11)
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times, that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To th' freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be,
In fair *Bohemia*; and remember well,
I mention here a ſon o'th' King's whom *Florizel*
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace

(11) ——— *That make and unfold Error.*] This does not in my Opinion take in the Poet's Thought. Time does not *make* miſtakes, and *diſcover* them, at different Conjunctures; but the Poet means, that Time often for a Seaſon *covers* Errors, which he afterwards *diſplays* and *brings to Light*. I chooſe therefore to read;

——— *that* maske *and* unfold *Error.*

Equal

Equal with wondring. What of her enſues,
I liſt not propheſie. But let Time's news,
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now:
If never, yet that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Court of* Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

POLIXENES.

I Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my maſter, hath ſent for me; to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſs, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee, ſpeak no more; whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent,

penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and children are even now to be afreſh lamented Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizel* my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (miſſingly) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have conſider'd, ſo much, *Camillo*, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. (12) That's likewiſe a part of my intelligence; and, I fear, the Engle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not ap-

(12) *That's likewiſe part of my Intelligence*; but, *I fear the* Angle *that plucks our Son thither.*] The *disjunctive* here, I think, makes ſtark Nonſenſe of the Context: and the Editors have palm'd an Alluſion in the Word *Angle*, which ſeems foreign to the Senſe of the Paſſage. As, before, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Angel* is miſtakenly put for *Engle*: ſo I ſuſpect, *Angle*, by the ſame eaſy Corruption, is here. I have there prov'd the Uſe and Meaning of the Word. I'll proceed briefly to juſtify the Emendation I have here made, by ſhewing how naturally it falls in with the Senſe we ſhould expect. *Camillo* had juſt told the King, he had heard of ſuch a Shepherd, and of a Daughter he had of moſt rare Note. *Ay*, replies the King, *that's a Part of my Intelligence too*; and, *I fear*, [*that Daughter is*] *the* Siren, *the* Decoy, *the* Invitation, *that plucks our Son thither.*

pearing

pearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo*—we muſt diſguiſe ourſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Country.*

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

WHEN daffadils begin to peere,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the ſweet o' th' year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O how they ſing!
Doth ſet my pugging tooth on edge:
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.
The lark, that tirra lyra chaunts,
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerved Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linnen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, being litter'd under *Mercury*; who, as I am, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this capariſon; and my revenue is the ſilly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way;

beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.——A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see,—Every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool too?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.——

[*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast, three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice——what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers; three-man song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies, mace —— dates —— none —— that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o' th' sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the Ground.*

Clo. I' th' name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death——

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet Sir, a footman.

Clo.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh, good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now, canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, ſoftly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir; no, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have mony, or any thing I want: offer me no mony, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been ſince an ape-bearer, then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion of the prodigal ſon, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lyes; and having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in a rogue; ſome call him *Autolicus.*

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig; —— he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am falſe of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was: I can ſtand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewel, I muſt go to buy ſpices for our ſheep ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir! Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

SCENE, *the Proſpect of a Shepherd's Cotte.*

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. THESE your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs, but *Flora*
Peering in *April*'s front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts

In

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.
Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight a-cross
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now *Jove* afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vildly bound up! what would he say! or how
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold
The sternness of his presence!
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O, but, dear Sir.
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' power o' th' King.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if

I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho' deſtiny ſay *no*. Be merry, (Gentle,)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.
Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *diſguis'd.*

Flo. See, your gueſts approach;
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly.
And let's be red with mirth.
Shep. Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and ſervant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o' th' table; now i' th' middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing ſhe took to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o' th' feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.
Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Pol. *and* Cam.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o' th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe flowers there, *Dorcas.*— Reverend Sirs,
For you there's roſemary and rue, theſe keep
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our ſhearing!

Pol.

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the faireſt flowers o' th' ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly flowers,
Which ſome call nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which in their piedneſs ſhares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; ſo over that art,
Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes; you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
Which does mend nature; change it rather; but
The art itſelf is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them baſtards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,
And with him riſes, weeping: theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From *Dis*'s waggon! daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his strength; (a malady
Most incident to maids;) bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarse; or if,—not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In whitson pastorals; sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, (sweet)
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so, give alms;
Pray, so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettieſt low born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green ſord: nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething, (13)
That makes her blood look out: good ſooth, ſhe is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. *Mopſa* muſt be your miſtreſs; marry, garlick to mend her kiſſing with ———

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners; come, ſtrike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what fair ſwain is this,
Who dances with your daughter?

(13) ———— *He tells her Something,*
That makes her Blood look on't.] Thus all the old Editions corruptedly. I dare ſay, I have reſtor'd the true Reading; and the Meaning muſt be this. The Prince tells her Something, *that calls the Blood up into her Cheeks, and makes her bluſh.* She, but a little before, uſes a like Expreſſion to deſcribe the Prince's Sincerity, which appeared in the honeſt Blood riſing on his Face.

Your Praiſes are too large; but that your Youth
And the true Blood, *which* peeps forth *fairly* through *it*,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd Shepherd.

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth? he says, he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him That
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell mony; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of dil-do's and fa-ding's: jump her, and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' th' rainbow; points,

points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns; why, he ſings them over, as they were Gods and Goddeſſes; you would think a ſmock were a ſhe-angel, he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlars that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven ſnow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as ſweet as damask roſes,
Masks for faces and for noſes;
Bugle bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking-ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry.
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhould'ſt take no mony of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould wear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'tis well, they are whiſpring: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my mony?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a uſurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony bags at a burthen; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs *Taleporter*, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fiſh that appear'd upon the coaſt, on *Wedneſday* the fourſcore of *April*, forty thouſand fadom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices hands at it; and witneſſes, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.——

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*; there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to th' grange, or mill.*
Dor. *If to either, thou doſt ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? ſay, whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: my father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler, let's have the firſt choice; follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And ſilk, and thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the Pedler; mony's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.

[*Ex.* Clown, Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopſa.

Enter Servant.

Ser. (14) Maſter, there are three goat-herds, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds, that have made themſelves all men of hair, they call themſelves Saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a gallymaufry of gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o'th' mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling,) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe, that refreſh us: pray, let's ſee theſe four-threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worſt of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' ſquare.

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

(14) *Maſter, there are three* Carters, *three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, and three Swine-herds,*] Thus all the printed Copies hitherto. Now, in two Speeches after this, theſe are call'd *four* three's of *Herdſmen*. But could the *Carters* properly be call'd *Herdſmen?* At leaſt, they have not the final Syllable, *Herd*, in their Names; which, I believe, *Shakeſpeare* intended, all the *four three's* ſhould have. I have therefore gueſs'd that he wrote;——*Maſter, there are three* Goat-herds, &c. And ſo, I think, we take in the *four* Species of Cattle uſually tended by *Herdſmen*.

Here

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them;
He's ſimple, and tells much.—How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that doth take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are;
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian*'s tooth, or the fann'd ſnow
That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before! I've put you out;
But, to your proteſtation: let me hear
What you profeſs.

Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch
Thereof moſt worthy, were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her imploy them all;

Commend

Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown; you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand,
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a-while; 'beſeech you,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?
Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong

Some-

Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No; he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon, he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call: thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook! Thou old traytor,
I'm ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou coap'ſt with———

Shep. O my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, as never
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,

Un-

Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoope his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone:
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt pleaſe you, Sir, be gone?
[*To* Florizel.
I told you, what would come of this. 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care; this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know That which I know. O Sir,
[*To* Florizel.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. O curſed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.
That knew'ſt, This was the Prince; and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time

He

He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear;
Then, 'till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo*———

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature crush the ſides o'th' earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within!—Lift up thy looks!—
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy; if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; let myſelf and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold

Shall

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*———
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Cam.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Reſolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*;
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'th' love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick
To ſpeak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King,
And through him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf, embrace but my direction;
(If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heav'ns forfend! your ruin. Marry her,
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontented father I'll ſtrive to qualifie,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?

That

That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after That truſt to thee?
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet?
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Our ſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight, make for *Sicilia*;
And there preſent your ſelf, and your fair Princeſs
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'th' father's perſon; kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh Princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs, and his kindneſs; th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than thought or time.
Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your Bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down; (15)
The which ſhall point you forth at every fitting,
What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,

(15) *Things known betwixt us three I'll write you down,*
The which ſhall point you forth at ev'ry fitting,
What you muſt ſay;—] Every *Sitting*, methinks, gives but a very poor Idea. Every *fitting*, as I have ventured to correct the Text, means, ev'ry convenient Opportunity: every Juncture, when it is *fit* to ſpeak of ſuch, or ſuch, a Point.

And

And ſpeak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.
Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of your ſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain as your anchors, who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.
Per. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.
Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o' our birth.
Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis Pity
She lacks inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.
Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll bluſh you thanks.
Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*——
But, oh, the thorns we ſtand upon! *Camillo*,
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our Houſe! how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia*'s ſon,
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicily*——
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lye there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene, you play, were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That

That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.—
[*They talk aſide.*

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honeſty is! and Truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my Pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the wenches ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the King's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Flor. *and* Per. *come forward.*

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there,
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that Doubt.

Flor. And thoſe that you'll procure from King *Leontes*———

Cam. Shall ſatisfie your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you ſpeak ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* Autol.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why, hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why shak'ſt thou ſo? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's no body will ſteal That from thee; yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly: (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half ſtead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? (I ſmell the trick on't.)——

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had Earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate miſtreſs! (let my prophecy
Come home to ye,) you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
Diſmantle you; and, as you can, diſliken
The truth of their own Seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee, the Play ſo lyes,
That I muſt bear a Part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:
Come, lady, come: farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King [*Aſide.*
Of this Eſcape, and whither they are bound
Wherein my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail
To force him after; in whoſe company
I ſhall review *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!
Thus we ſet on, *Camillo*, to th' ſea-ſide.

[*Exit* Flor. *with* Per.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. [*Exit.*

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for th' other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? ſure, the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide,—here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the King; and, ſo,

your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by. I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely, puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is That in this Farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at the Palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance; let me pocket up my Pedlar's excrement. How now, rustiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, an it like your Worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? hath not my gate in it the measure of the Court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am there-

therefore no Courtier? I am courtier *Cap-a-pè*; and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant; ſay, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheaſant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſs'd are we that are not ſimple men!
Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomly.

Clo. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical; a Great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i' th' farthel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch ſecrets in this farthel and box, which none muſt know but the King; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come

under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! ſome ſay, he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: draw our throne into a ſheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot infuſion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf, and if it be in man, beſides the King, to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold; ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ſton'd, and flay'd alive.———

Shep. An't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir; but tho' my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope, I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon; hang him; he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights; he muſt know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the ſea-ſide, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, *Fortune* would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: gold, and a means to do the Prince my maſter good; which, who knows how That may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to ſhoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that Title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: to him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *changes to* Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

CLEOMINES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heir-less it hath made my Kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man (16)
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
Kill'd? she I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter

(16) *Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion that e'er Man Bred his hopes out of,* true.

Pau. *Too true, my Lord.*] A very slight Examination will convince ev'ry intelligent Reader, that, *true*, here has jump'd out of its place in all the Editions. What the King would say, is absolutely complete without it: and the placing it, where the printed Copies have done, is an Embarrasment to the Sense. These two Reasons, I hope, will be sufficient to justify my Transposition.

Upon

Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Pau. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers (by his highneſs' fail of iſſue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former Queen is well?
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the bed of Majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone; beſides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not have an heir,
'Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heav'ns be contrary;
Oppoſe againſt their wills.——Care not for iſſue;
[*To the King.*
The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour: O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now

I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips!

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit (17)
Again possess her corps; and on this stage,
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vext,
And begin, Why to me?———

Pau. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I married.

Pau. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Shou'd be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina*.

Pau. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, *Paulina*; so be bless'd my spirit!

Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Pau. Unless another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,

(17) ——— *would make her fainted Spirit*
Again possess her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offenders now appear) *soul-vext,*
And begin. &c] 'Tis obvious, that the Grammar is defective; and the Sense consequently wants supporting. The slight Change, I have made, cures Both: and, surely, 'tis an Improvement to the Sentiment for the King to say, that *Paulina* and He offended his dead Wife's Ghost with the Subject of a second Match: rather than in general Terms to call themselves *Offenders, Sinners.*

Affront

Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.

Pau. Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, 'till thou bid'ſt us.

Pau. That
Shall be, when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never 'till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himſelf prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his princeſs (ſhe,
The faireſt I have yet beheld) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs; his approach,
So out of circumſtance and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.

Leo. His princeſs, ſay you with him?

Gent. Yes, the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.

Pau. Oh *Hermione*,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; ſhe had not been,
Nor was ſhe to be equall'd; thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you've ſeen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your pardon)

The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Pau. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Yourself (assisted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He should thus steal upon us. [*Exit* Cleo.

Pau. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; cease, thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince,
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
As your fair princess, goddess!—oh! alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; and then I lost
(All mine own folly!) the society,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
(Tho' bearing misery) I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flor. Sir, by his command

Have

Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, (at friend)
Can send his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bad me say so, more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains, much less,
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from *Libya*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness; my best train
I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not only my success in *Libya*, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,

Have

Have left me iſſue-leſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble Sir,
That, which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo high. Pleaſe you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me;
Deſires you to attach his ſon, who has,
His dignity and duty both caſt off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia?* ſpeak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I ſpeak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage: to your court
Whilſt he was haſtning, in the chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour and whoſe honeſty 'till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo?*

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake; they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves, as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!
The heav'n ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo.

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.
Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
(Moſt ſorry) you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our loves. 'Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.
Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Pau. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made — But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *near the Court in* Sicilia.

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. BEseech you, Sir, were you preſent at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd; a notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if th' importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: the news, *Rogero?*

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion; has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true, if ever truth were pregnant by circum-

circumſtance: That which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*———her jewel about the neck of it,——the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character,——the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother,———the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding,——and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bohemia* forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old ſhepherd, who ſtands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings' reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho' credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which ſeems much to juſtifie him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreckt the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then

then loſt, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and ſorrow was fought in *Paulina!* She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princeſs from the earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, tho' not the fiſh,) was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter; 'till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an, *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble, there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by (18) that rare *Italian* maſter, *Julio Romano*; who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape:

(18) *that rare* Italian *Maſter*, Julio Romano;] All the Encomiums, put together, that have been conferr'd on this excellent Artiſt in Painting and Architecture, do not amount to the fine Praiſe here given him by our Author. He was born in the Year 1492, liv'd juſt that Circle of Years which our *Shakeſpeare* did, and dy'd Eighteen Years before the latter was born. Fine and generous, therefore, as this Tribute of Praiſe muſt be own'd, yet it was a ſtrange Abſurdity, ſure, to thruſt it into a Tale, the Action of which is ſuppos'd within the Period of Heatheniſm, and whilſt the Oracles of *Apollo* were conſulted. This, however, was a known and wilful Anachroniſm; which might have ſlept in Obſcurity, perhaps Mr. *Pope* will ſay, had I not animadverted on it.

He

He ſo near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither with all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoycing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman born: ſee you theſe cloaths? ſay, you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born. You were beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my

my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princess my sister, call'd my father, father, and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know; thou art no tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I ll swear it; and, I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Paulina's *House.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my services
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,
In many singularities; but we saw not
That, which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say, 'tis well!
[Paulina *draws a curtain, and discovers* Hermione *standing like a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my Liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Poh

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years; and makes her,
As ſhe liv'd now.

Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood;
Even with ſuch life of Majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd; do's not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? oh, royal piece!
There's magick in thy Majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not ſay 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.——Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiſs.

Paul. O, patience;——
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on,
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your fancy
May think anon, it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;

Would

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already——
What was he, that did make it? ſee, my Lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd; and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Maſterly done!
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My Lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leo. O ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together:
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.
Paul. I'm ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you; but I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting; ſhall I draw the curtain?
Leo. No, not theſe twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel, or reſolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move, indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſie

To

To make her ſpeak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then, all ſtand ſtill:
And thoſe, that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.

Paul. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike; [*Muſick.*
'Tis time, deſcend; be ſtone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away:
Bequeath to death your numneſs; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you perceive, ſhe ſtirs;
[Hermione *comes down.*
Start not; her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful; do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your hand;
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

Leo. Oh, ſhe's warm; [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead?

Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair Madam, kneel.
And pray your mother's bleſſing; turn, good Lady:
Our *Perdita* is found.
[*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Herm.

Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy

Thy father's court; for thou ſhalt hear, that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
Myſelf, to ſee the iſſue.

Paul. There's time enough for That;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am loſt.

Leo. O peace, *Paulina:*
Thou ſhould'ſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo,*
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth and honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion: this, your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the King——whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina,*
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

H. gravelot in Vol: 3. P: 337. *G. V.dr Gucht Sculp.*

THE

LIFE and *DEATH*

OF

KING *JOHN.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING John.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the King.*
Pembroke,
Eſſex,
Salisbury, } Engliſh *Lords.*
Hubert,
Bigot,
Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppos'd Brother to the Baſtard.*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatilion, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and Niece to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *ſometimes in* England; *and, ſometimes, in* France.

The

(1) The Life and Death of

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Court of* England.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Salisbury, *with* Chatilion,

King John.

NOW, ſay, *Chatilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of *France*,
In my behaviour, to the Majeſty,
The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!

K. *John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſie.

(1) *The Life and Death*———] Tho' this Play have this Title, yet the Action of it begins at the thirty-fourth Year of his Life; and takes in only ſome Tranſactions of his Reign to the Time of his Demiſe, being an Interval of about ſeventeen Years.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother *Geffry*'s ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poictiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young *Arthur*'s hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereign.

K. *John*. What follows, if we diſallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly with-held.

K. *John*. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer *France*.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſie.

K. *John*. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewel, *Chatilion*.

[*Exeunt* Chat. *and* Pem.

Eli. What now, my ſon, have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe,
'Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful, bloody, iſſue arbitrate.

K. *John*. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for us.—

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion much more than your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me;
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I ſhall hear.

Eſſex.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversie,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. *John.* Let them approach.
Our abbies and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge——What men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his Brother.*

Phil. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman
Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur de lion* knighted in the field.

K *John.* What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same *Faulconbridge.*

K. *John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems?

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, Madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. *John.* A good blunt fellow: why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But once, he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. *John*. Why, what a mad cap hath heav'n lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de lion*'s face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. *John*. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard:* Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Becauſe he hath a half-face like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land? (2)
A half fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much;——

(2) *With* half that *Face*] But why with *half* that Face? There is no Queſtion but the Poet wrote, as I have reſtor'd the Text, *With that* half-face——Mr. *Pope*, perhaps, will be angry with me for diſcovering an *Anachroniſm* of our Poet's, in the next Line; where he alludes to a Coin not ſtruck 'till the Year 1504, in the Reign of King *Henry* VII. *viz.* a Groat, which, as well as the half Groat, bare but half-faces impreſs'd. *Vide* Stow's *Survey of* London, *p.* 47. Holingſhed, Cambden's *Remains*, *&c.* The Poet ſneers at the meagre ſharp Viſage of the elder Brother, by comparing him to a Silver Groat, that bore the King's Face in Profile, ſo ſhew'd but half the Face. The Groats of all our Kings of *England*, and, indeed, all their other Coins of Silver, one or two only excepted, had a full Face crown'd; 'till *Henry* VII. at the Time above-mention'd, coin'd Groats and half Groats, as alſo ſome Shillings, with half Faces, that is, Faces in *Profile*, as all our Coin has now. The firſt Groats of King *Henry* VIII. were like thoſe of his Father; tho' afterwards he return'd to the broad Faces again. Theſe Groats with the Impreſſion in Profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: tho', as I ſaid, the Poet is knowingly guilty of an Anachroniſm in it: for, in the Time of King *John* there were no Groats at all: they being firſt, as far as appears, coin'd in the Reign of King *Edward* III.

Phil.

Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale must be, how he imploy'd my mother.
Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassie
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. *John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lyes on the hazard of all husbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall then my father's Will be of no force
To dispossess that child, which is not his?
Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed son of *Cœur-de-lion*,

Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert* his, like him;
And if my legs were two ſuch riding-rods,
My arms ſuch eel-skins ſtuft; my face ſo thin, (3)
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, "Look, where three farthings goes!
And to his ſhape were heir to all this land;"
'Would, I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any caſe.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to *France*.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. *John.* What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my Liege, ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldeſt ſon.

(3) ——————————— *my Face ſo thin,*
That in mine Ear I durſt not ſtick a Roſe,
Leſt Men ſhould ſay, Look, where three-farthings *goes!*] In this very obſcure Paſſage our Poet is anticipating the Date of another Coin; humourouſly to rally a thin Face, eclipſed, as it were, by a full-blown *Roſe*. We muſt obſerve, to explain this Alluſion, that Queen *Elizabeth* was the firſt, and indeed the only, Prince who coin'd in *England* three-half-pence, and three-farthing Pieces. She at one and the ſame Time, coin'd Shillings, Six-pences, Groats, Three-pences, Two-pences, Three-half pence, Pence, Three-farthings, and Half-pence: And theſe Pieces all had her Head, and were *alternately* with the *Roſe* behind, and without the *Roſe*. The Shilling, Groat, Two-pence, Penny, and Half-penny had it not: The other intermediate Coins, *viz.* the Six-pence, Three-pence, Three-half-pence, and Three-farthings had the *Roſe*.

K. *John.*

K. *John.* From henceforth bear his name, whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great;
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Phil. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away!

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet!*
I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. *John.* Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire;
A landless Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire:
Come, Madam; and come, *Richard*; we must speed
For *France*, for *France*; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i' th' way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but* Philip.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse!
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.
Good den, Sir *Richard*,——Godamercy, fellow;
And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
For new made honour doth forget mens' names:
'Tis too respective and unsociable
For your conversing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picqued man of countries;——My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)

I ſhall beſeech you,—— that is queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer like an A B C-book:
O Sir, ſays anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir: ——
No, Sir, ſays queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours,——
And ſo e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,
The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*;
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion, ſo.
But this is worthipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
(And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no:);
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth;
Which tho' I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother; now, good lady,
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s ſon, that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir *Robert*'s ſon? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir *Robert*'s ſon: why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir *Robert?*
He is Sir *Robert*'s ſon; and ſo art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.

Phil.

Phil. Philip!——ſpare me, *James*; (4)
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* James.

Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s ſon.
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well; marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holpe to make this leg.

Lady. Haſt thou conſpir'd with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?

Phil. Knight, Knight, good mother——*Baſiliſco* like. (5)
What!

(4) ——*Philip*, ſparrow, *James.*] Thus the old Copies; and Mr. *Pope* has attempted to gloſs this Reading by telling us, that *Philip* is the common Name for a tame Sparrow. So that then *Faulconbridge* would ſay, *Call me* Philip? *You may as well call me* Sparrow.—— The Alluſion is very mean and trifling: and every Body, I believe, will chuſe to embrace Mr. *Warburton*'s Emendation, which I have inſerted into the Text. *Spare me*, and *Forbear me*, it may be obſerved, are our Author's accuſtom'd Phraſes; either when any one wants another to leave him, or would be rid of a diſpleaſing Subject.

(5) Knight, Knight,——*good Mother*, Baſiliſco *like.*] Thus muſt this Paſſage be pointed; and, to come at the Humour of it, I muſt clear up an old Circumſtance of Stage-Hiſtory. *Faulconbridge*'s Words here carry a conceal'd Piece of Satire on a ſtupid *Drama* of that Age, printed in 1599, and call'd *Soliman* and *Perſeda*. In this Piece there is the Character of a bragging cowardly Knight, call'd *Baſiliſco*. His Pretenſion to Valour is ſo blown and ſeen thro', that *Piſton*, a Buffoon-ſervant in the Play, jumps upon his Back, and will not diſengage him, 'till he makes *Baſiliſco* ſwear upon his dudgeon Dagger to the Contents, and in the Terms, he dictates to him: as, for Inſtance,

Baſ. *O, I ſwear, I ſwear.*
Piſt. *By the Contents of this Blade.*
Baſ. *By the Contents of this Blade.*

Piſt.

What! I am dub'd; I have it on my ſhoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s ſon;
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert*, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thyſelf a *Faulconbridge?*

Phil As faithfully, as I deny the devil.

Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de lion* was thy father;
By long, and vehement, ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love;
Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force,
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard*'s hands.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.

Piſt. *I, the aforeſaid* Baſiliſco.
Baſ. *I, the aforeſaid* Baſiliſco,
Knight, *good fellow,* knight, knight,——
Piſt. Knave, *good fellow,* knave, knave,——

So that 'tis clear, our Poet is ſneering at this Play; and makes *Philip,* when his Mother calls him *Knave,* to throw off that Reproach by humourouſly laying claim to his new Dignity of *Knighthood*; as *Baſiliſco* arrogantly inſiſts on his Title of *Knight* in the Paſſage above quoted. The old Play is an execrable bad one; and, I ſuppoſe, was ſufficiently exploded in the Repreſentation: which might make this Circumſtance ſo well known, as to become the Butt for a Stage-Sarcaſm.

Come,

Come, lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him *nay*, it had been ſin;
Who ſays it was, he lyes; I ſay, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Angiers *in* France.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Archduke of* Auſtria, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

LEWIS.

BEFORE *Angiers* well met, brave *Auſtria*.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in *Paleſtine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, *Engliſh John*.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God ſhall forgive you *Cœur-de lion*'s death
The rather that you give his off ſpring life;
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Til *Angiers* and the right thou haſt in *France*,

Together

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n 'till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n 'till that outmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her King. 'Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
'Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. *Philip.* Well then, to work; our engines ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town;
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *Frenchmens'* blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood.
My lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. *Philip.* A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wiſh,
Our meſſenger *Chatilion* is arrived?
What *England* ſays, ſay briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee. *Chatilion*, ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paultry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier task.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have giv'n him time

To

To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-Queen;
An *Ate*, stirring him to blood and strife.
With her, her neice, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a bastard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unsettled humours of the land;
Rash, inconsid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the *English* bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. *Philip*. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, *and others.*

K. *John*. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heav'n.
Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. *Philip*. Peace be to *England*, if that war return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that *England*'s sake
With burthen of our armour here we sweat;
This toil of ours should be a work of thine.
But thou from loving *England* art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King;

Cut

Cut off the ſequence of poſterity;
Out-faced infant ſtate; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey*'s face.
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; *England* was *Geffrey*'s right,
And this is *Geffrey*'s; in the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. *John*. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, *France*,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?

K. *Philip*. From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. *John*. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. *Philip*. Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou doſt call uſurper, *France*?

Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.——

Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the world!

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! by my ſoul, I think,
His father never was ſo true-begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt.

Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Auſt. Peace.———

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Auſt. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lyes as ſightly on the back of him, (6)
As great *Alcides'* ſhews upon an aſs;
But, aſs, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that, ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Philip*, determine what we ſhall do ſtrait.

K. *Philip.* Women and fools, break off your conference.
King *John*, this is the very ſum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

(6) *It lyes as ſightly on the Back of him,*
As great Alcides' Shoes *upon an Aſs.*] But why his *Shoes*, in the Name of Propriety? For let *Hercules* and his *Shoes* have been really as big as they were ever ſuppos'd to be, yet they (I mean, the *Shoes*) would not have been an Overload for an Aſs. I am perſuaded, I have retriev'd the true Reading; and let us obſerve the Juſtneſs of the Compariſon now. *Faulconbridge* in his Reſentment would ſay this to *Auſtria*, "That "Lion's Skin, which my great Father King *Richard* once wore, "looks as uncouthly on thy Back; as that other noble Hide, "which was borne by *Hercules*, would look on the Back of an "Aſs." A double Alluſion was intended; firſt, to the *Fable* of the Aſs in the Lion's Skin: then *Richard* I. is finely ſet in Competition with *Alcides*; as *Auſtria* is ſatirically coupled with the Aſs.

K. *John.* My life as ſoon—I do defie thee, *France.*
Arthur of *Britain,* yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Conſt. Do, child, go to it grandam, child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.

Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whe're ſhe does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n ſhall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heav'n and earth!

Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth.
Call me not ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him;
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.

K. *John.* Bedlam, have done.

Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce

A

A will, that bars the title of thy ſon.
Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will!——a wicked will;
A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.
K. *Philip.* Peace, Lady; pauſe, or be more temperate:
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry Aim
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of *Angiers*; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthur*'s or *John*'s.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. *Philip.* 'Tis *France*, for *England*.
K. *John.* *England* for itſelf;
You men of *Angiers* and my loving ſubjects——
K. *Philip.* You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur*'s ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——
K. *John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us firſt:
Theſe flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparations for a bloody ſiege
And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe *French*,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold,

Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoak,
To make a faithless error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whose labour'd spirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K *Philip*. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely, this young prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up:
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a blessed, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war:
Tho' all these *English*, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,

And

And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. *John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. *John.* Doth not the crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England*'s breed——

Faulc. (Baſtards, and elſe.)

K. *John.* To verify our title with their lives.

K. *Philip.* As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe——

Faulc. (Some baſtards too.)

K. *Philip.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound, whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.

K. *John.* Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's King!

K. *Philip.* *Amen, Amen.*——Mount, chevaliers, to arms!

Faulc. Saint *George*, that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your Lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.—— [*To* Auſtria.

Auſt. Peace, no more.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.

K. *John.* Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.

K. *Philip.* It ſhall be ſo; and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*

A long Charge ſounded: then, after excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the *French*;
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*, *England*'s King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh *Herald with Trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;
King *John*, your King and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence, ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens'* blood.
There ſtuck no plume in any *Engliſh* Creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in thoſe ſame hands,
That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the Onſet and Retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at several Doors.

K. *John. France*, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our Right run on?
Whose passage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course d sturb'd ev'n thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. *Philip. England*, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood
In this hot tryal, more than we of *France*;
Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear;
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroul, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Faulc. Ha! Majesty,—how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire!
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men
In undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, Kings; back to the stained field,
You equal Potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let Confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. *John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. *Philip.* Speak, Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

K. *Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.

K. *John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Cit.

Cit. A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this; (7)
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates.
Kings of our fears,——until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heav'n, the ſcroyles of *Angiers* flout you, Kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and Acts of death.
You royal preſences, be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town.
By eaſt and weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades;
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty States?
Smacks it not ſomething of the Policy?

K. *John.* Now by the sky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our Pow'rs;
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,

(7) *A greater Pow'r than* We *denies all this*;] We muſt certainly read, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to Me;

A greater Pow'r, than Ye, *denies all this:*

i. e. Tho' each of you pretend to be our rightful Kings, you are as yet only ſo in ſwaying over our Fears, in the Terrors we have of you; not acknowledg'd Kings in our Obedience.

Then,

Then, after, fight who ſhall be King of it?

Faulc. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſaucy walls;
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why, then defie each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourſelves for heav'n or hell.

K. *Philip.* Let it be ſo: ſay, where will you aſſault?

K. *John.* We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this City's boſom.

Auſt. I from the north.

K. *Philip.* Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent diſcipline! from North to South;
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each other's mouth.
I'll ſtir them to it; come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroke or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field;
Perſever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. *John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If love, ambitious, ſought a match of Birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:
If not compleat of——ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, (to name Want,)
If Want it be not, that ſhe is not he,

He is the half part of a bleſſed man, (8)
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a She:
And ſhe a fair divided Excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions ſo confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this City.

Faulc. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoak and bounce,
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of *France*;
Zounds! I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our Neice a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie

(8) *He is the half Part of a bleſſed Man,*
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as She:] The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* preſcrib'd that Reading, which I have here reſtor'd to the Text; and which is abſolutely requiſite to the Senſe of the Paſſage.

Thy

Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the Crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no Sun to ripe
The bloom, that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a Yielding in the looks of *France*;
Mark, how they whiſper; urge them while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Leſt zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Cit. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties
This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. *Philip.* Speak, *England*, firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this City: what ſay you?
K. *John.* If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*;
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a Queen.
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*, (9)
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this City now by us beſieg'd,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;

(9) *For* ANGIERS *and fair* Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that We upon this Side the Sea,
Except this City *now by us* beſieg'd,
Find liable, &c.] This is a remarkable Inſtance of Careleſſneſs in a Point that ſtares common Senſe full in the Face: and yet thus all the Editors in their profound Sagacity. What was the City *beſieg'd*, but *Angiers?* King *John*, conſenting to match the Lady *Blanch* with the *Dauphin*, agrees, in Part of her Dowry, to give up all he held in *France*, except the City of *Angiers*, which he now beſieg'd and laid Claim to. But could it be thought, that he ſhould at one and the ſame time give up all except *Angiers*, and give up *That* too? *Anjou* was one of the Provinces, which the *Engliſh* held in *France*; and which the *French* King by *Chatilion* claim'd of K. *John* in Right of Duke *Arthur*, at the very Opening of the Play. *Angiers*, inſtead of *Anjou*, has been falſely printed in ſeveral other Paſſages of this Hiſtory.

As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princess of the world.

K. *Philip*. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a Sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
'Till now, infixed, I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.

[*Whispering with* Blanch.

Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espie
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will inforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge)
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. *John*. What say these young Ones? what say you, my Neice?

Blanch. That she is bound in Honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. *John*. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. *John*.

K. *John*. Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*, and *Anjou*, theſe five Provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Marks of *Engliſh* coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.

K. *Philip*. It likes us well; young Princes, cloſe your hands.

Auſt. And your lips too; for, I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.

K. *Philip*. Now, Citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at Saint *Mary*'s Chapel preſently
The Rites of Marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the lady *Conſtance* in this troop?
I know, ſhe is not; for this Match made up
Her preſence would have interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſs' Tent.

K. *Philip*. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little Cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady? in her Right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. *John*. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady *Conſtance*;
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I truſt, we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, Pomp.

[*Ex. all but* Faulconbr.

Faulc. Mad world, mad Kings, mad compoſition!

John, to ſtop *Arthur*'s Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier, rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
The world, which of itſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
'Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame biaſs, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.——
And why rail I on this Commodity;
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And ſay, there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *the* French *King's Pavilion.*

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, *and* Salisbury.

CONSTANCE.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well adviſ'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo.
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, husbandleſs, ſubject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears,
And, tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſighs confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſp'rate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch!* O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England!* what becomes of me;
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight:
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?

Conſt. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.

Arth. I do beſeech you, mother, be content.

Conſt. If thou, that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lillies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe. But fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*;
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and to *John*;
That ſtrumpet fortune, that uſurping *John!*
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.

I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For Grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtoop.
To me, and to the State of my great Grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my Grief's ſo great,
That no Supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow ſit:
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it. (10)
[*Sits down on the Floor.*

Enter

(10) —— *bid Kings come bow to it.*] I muſt here account for the Liberty I have taken to make a Change in the Diviſion of the 2d and 3d *Acts*. In the old Editions, the 2d *Act* was made to end here: tho' 'tis evident, Lady *Conſtance* here, in her Deſpair, ſeats herſelf on the Floor: and She muſt be ſuppoſed, as I formerly obſerv'd, immediately to riſe again, only to go off and end the *Act* decently; or the *flat Scene* muſt ſhut her in from the Sight of the Audience, an Abſurdity I cannot wiſh to accuſe *Shakeſpeare* of. Mr. *Gildon* and ſome other Criticks fancied, that a conſiderable Part of the 2d *Act* was loſt; and that the Chaſm began here. I had joined in this Suſpicion of a Scene or two being loſt; and unwittingly drew Mr. *Pope* into this Error. "*It ſeems to be ſo*, ſays he, *and it were* "*to be wiſh'd the* Reſtorer (*meaning* Me,) *could ſupply it.*" To deſerve this Great Man's Thanks, I'll venture at the Task; and hope to convince my Readers, that nothing is loſt; but that I have ſupplied the ſuſpected Chaſm, only by rectifying the Diviſion of the *Acts*. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the *Conſtitution* of the Play, I am ſatisfied that the 3d *Act* ought to begin with that Scene, which has hitherto been accounted the Laſt of the 2d *Act*: and my Reaſons for it are theſe. The Match being concluded, in the Scene before That, betwixt the *Dauphin* and *Blanch*, a Meſſenger is ſent for Lady *Conſtance* to K. *Philip*'s Tent, for Her to come to St. *Mary*'s Church to the Solemnity. The Princes all go out, as to the Marriage; and the *Baſtard* ſtaying a little behind, to deſcant on Intereſt and Commodity, very properly ends the *Act*. The next Scene then, in the *French* King's Tent, brings us *Saliſbury* delivering his Meſſage to *Conſtance*, who, refuſing to go to the Solemnity, ſets herſelf down on the Floor. The whole Train returning from the Church to the *French* King's Pavilion, *Philip* expreſſes ſuch ſatisfaction on Occaſion of the happy Solemnity of that Day; that *Conſtance* riſes from the Floor,

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, *and* Auſtria.

K. *Philip.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt;
Turning with ſplendor of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not an holy-day.— [*Riſing.*
What has this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But on this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſhood change!

K. *Philip.* By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn.
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,

and joins in the Scene by entring her Proteſt againſt their Joy, and curſing the Buſineſs of the Day. Thus, I conceive, the Scenes are fairly continued; and there is no Chaſm in the Action: but a proper Interval made both for *Salisbury*'s coming to Lady *Conſtance*, and for the Solemnization of the Marriage. Beſides, as *Faulconbridge* is evidently the Poet's favourite Character; 'twas very well judg'd to cloſe the *Act* with his Soliloquy.

But

But now in arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings:
A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere ſun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh hear me!

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria!* thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party; thou cold blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O, that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calve's skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Methinks, that *Richard*'s pride and *Richard*'s fall
Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

Faulc. What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake!
My father's foe clad in my father's ſpoil!
How doth *Alecto* whiſper in my ears,
" Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain ſtrait;
" Diſrobe him of the matchleſs monument,

" Thy

" Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages.——
Now by his ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,
Twice will I not review the morning's riſe,
'Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;
And ſplit thy heart, for wearing it ſo long.

K. *John.* We like not this, thou doſt forget thyſelf.

Enter Pandulph.

K. *Philip.* Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of heaven!
To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;
I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
This in our foreſaid holy Father's name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John.* What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heav'n are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great Supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd authority.

K. *Philip.* Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.

K. *John.* Tho' you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſly by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the curſe, that mony may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,

Who

Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelf:
Tho' you, and all the reſt, ſo groſly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate;
And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.
Conſt. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with *Rome* to curſe a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,
To my keen curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.
Pand. There's law, and warrant, lady, for my curſe.
Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?
Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raiſe the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to *Rome*.
Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, *France?* do not let go thy hand.
Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that *France* repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.———
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinal.
Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe———
Faulc. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
K. *John.* *Philip*, what ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?
Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſs of *England* for a friend;
Forgo the eaſier.

Blanch. That's the curſe of *Rome*.

Conſt. *Lewis*, ſtand faſt; the Devil tempts thee here (11)
In likeneſs of a new and trimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady *Conſtance* ſpeaks not from her faith:
But from her need.

Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. *John.* The King is mov'd and anſwers not to this.

Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.

Auſt. Do ſo, King *Philip*; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, moſt ſweet lout.

K. *Philip.* I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.

Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curſt?

K. *Philip.* Good rev'rend father, make my perſon yours;
And tell me, how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls

(11) ——— *the Devil tempts thee here*
In Likeneſs of a new untrimmed *Bride.*] Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any Signification to ſquare with the Senſe required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted Reading. I have ventur'd to throw out the Negative, and read;
In Likeneſs of a new and trimmed *Bride.*
i. e. of a new Bride, and One, deck'd and adorn'd as well by Art as Nature,

Marry'd

Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows;
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal Selves.
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incenſed Kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeiſure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo, jeſt with heav'n?
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Un-ſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order, and we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to *England*'s love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church!
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A chafed lyon by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand, which thou doſt hold.

K. *Philip.* I may diſ-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heav'n, firſt be to heav'n perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our Church.

What

What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf;
And may not be performed by thyſelf;
For that, which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is not amiſs, when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again; tho' indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf.
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions;
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off;
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-skin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new

Is

Is husband in my mouth?) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour!—

Lewis. I muſe, your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.

K. *Philip.* Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.

Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd Majeſty!

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconſtancy!

K. *John.* *France*, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton time,
Is it, as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.

Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. *John.* Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together.

[*Exit* Faulconbridge

France,

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of *France*.

K. *Philip*. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. *John*. No more, than he that threats. To arms, let's hie. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *changes to a Field of Battle.*

Alarms, Excursions: Enter Faulconbridge, *with* Austria's *Head.*

Faulc. NOW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot; (12)
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. *Austria*'s head lie there.—
Thus hath King *Richard*'s son perform'd his vow,
And offer'd *Austria*'s blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. *John*. There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. *Richard*, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I rescu'd her:
Her highness is in safety, fear you not.

(12) ——————*it grows wondrous hot*;
Some airy *Devil hovers in the Sky*.] I have, by Mr. *Warburton*'s Direction, ventur'd to substitute, *fiery Devil*. It is a very unconclusive Inference, sure, that, because it grew wond'rous hot, some airy Devil hover'd in the Sky. It is a sort of Reasoning, that carries an Air of Ridicule; unless we could determine, that the Poet meant no more by the Epithet than to express the Sacred Text, in which the Devil is stiled the *Prince of the Air*.

But

But on, my Liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

Alarms, Excurſions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, *and Lords.*

K. *John.* So ſhall it be; your Grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: Couſin, look not ſad, [*To* Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. *John.* Couſin, away for *England*; haſte before,
(*To* Faulc.
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots; their impriſon'd angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace (13)
Muſt by the hungry war be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force.

Faul. Bell, book, and candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver beck me to come on.
I leave your highneſs: grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.

Eli. Farewel, my gentle couſin.

K. *John.* Coz, farewel. [*Exit* Faulc.

Eli. Come hither, little kinſman;—hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*

K. *John.* [*to* Hubert *on the other ſide.*]
Come hither, *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:

(13) ——————*the fat Ribs of Peace*
Muſt by the hungry now *be fed upon.*] This Word *now* ſeems a very idle Term here, and conveys no ſatisfactory Idea. An Antitheſis, and Oppoſition of Terms, ſo perpetual with our Author, requires;
Muſt by the hungry War *be fed upon.*
War demanding a large Expence, is very poetically ſaid to be *hungry*, and to prey on the Wealth and *Fat* of *Peace.*
Mr. *Warburton.*

And,

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say———
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. *John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,———
But thou shalt have——and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say——but, let it go:
The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell (14)
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowsie race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep mens' eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment;
(A passion hateful to my purposes)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;

(14) ———*If the midnight Bell*
Did with his iron Tongue, and brazen Mouth,
Sound on into *the drowzy race of Night*;] I do not think, that *sound on* gives here that Idea of Solemnity and Horror, which, 'tis plain, our Poet intended to impress by this fine Description; and which my Emendation conveys. *i. e.* If it were the still part of the Night, or *One* of the Clock in the Morning, when the Sound of the Bell strikes upon the Ear with most Awe and Terror. And it is very usual with our *Shakespeare* in other Passages to express the Horror of a Midnight Bell.

Then,

Then, in despight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not——yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n, I'd do't.
K. *John.* Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;
He is a very serpent in my way,
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.
K. *John.* Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. *John.* A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. *John.* Enough.
I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember:——Madam, fare you well,
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. *John.* For *England*, cousin, go.
Hubert shall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true-duty; on, toward *Calais*, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* French *Court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. *Philip.* SO, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole Armada of collected sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.
K. *Philip.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur

Arthur ta'en Pris'ner? diverſe dear friends ſlain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpite of *France*?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temp'rate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. *Philip.* Well could I bear that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Conſtance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a ſoul,
Holding th' eternal ſpirit 'gainſt her will
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath;
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Conſt. Lo, now, now ſee the iſſue of your peace.

K. *Philip.* Patience, good lady; comfort, gentle *Conſtance.*

Conſt. No, I defie all counſel, and redreſs,
But that, which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death; oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench, ſound rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from thy couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſom duſt,
And be a carrion monſter, like thy ſelf;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And kiſs thee as thy wife; miſery's love,
O come to me!

K. *Philip.* O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rouze from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modern invocation.

Pand.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.
Conſt. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffrey*'s wife:
Young *Arthur* is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like, I ſhould forget myſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal,
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.
K. *Philip.* Bind up thoſe treſſes; O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thouſand wiery friends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Conſt. To *England*, if you will.———
K. *Philip.* Bind up your hairs.
Conſt. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have giv'n theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds;
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner,
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of *Cain*, the firſt male-child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.

But

But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die: and riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heav'n
I ſhall not know him; therefore never, never,
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſt. He talks to me, that never had a ſon.——

K. *Philip.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form?
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head cloaths.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. *Philip.* I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſie man.
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No,

No, no; when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his priſoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetick ſpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to *England*'s throne: and therefore mark.
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd *John* ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of reſt.
A ſcepter, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur*'s fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world?
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the ſky,
No 'ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,

Aboritives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life;
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks, I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!——The baſtard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand *Engliſh* to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*;
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent.
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions: let us go;
If you ſay *ay*, the King will not ſay *no*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to* England.

A Priſon.

Enter Hubert *and Executioners.*

HUBERT.

HEAT me theſe irons hot, and, look, thou ſtand
Within the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert.*
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So were I out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long.
And ſo I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey*'s ſon?
Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, *Hubert.*

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*
Arth. Are you ſick, *Hubert*? you look pale to day;
In ſooth, I wou'd, you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur* ——— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſ-piteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears.———
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then, you muſt——Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.

The

The iron of itſelf, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an Angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but *Hubert*'s.

Hub. Come forth; do, as I bid you.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*

Arth. O ſave me, *Hubert*, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heav'n's ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed. [*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.—

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, *Hubert*;
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extreams; ſee elſe your ſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*;
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes:
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Court of* England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords.*

K. *John.* HERE once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.

Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſome;
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes found opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetouſneſs; (15)
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault

(15) *They do confound their Skill in* Covetouſneſs.] i. e. Not by their Avarice, but in an eager Emulation, an intenſe Deſire of excelling; as in *Henry* V.

But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the moſt offending Soul alive.

Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:
As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel; but it pleas'd your highneſs
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a ſtand at what your highneſs will.

K. *John.* Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe,
To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,
(Both for myſelf and them; but chief of all,
Your ſafety; for the which, myſelf and they
Bend their beſt ſtudies;) heartily requeſt
Th' infranchiſement of *Arthur*; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why ſhou'd your fears, (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. *John.* Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth
To your direction. *Hubert,* what news with you?

Pemb.

Pemb. This is the man, ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much-troubled breaſt.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles ſent: (16)
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.

K. *John.* We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his ſickneſs was paſt cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.

K. *John.* Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and ſo farewel!

Pemb. Stay yet, lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

(16) *Like Heralds, 'twixt two dreadful Battles* ſet;] But Heralds are not planted, I preſume, in the midſt betwixt two Lines of Battle; tho' they, and Trumpets, are often ſent over from Party to Party, to propoſe Terms, demand a Parley, &c. I have therefore ventur'd to read, *ſent*.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. *John.* They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death— [*Aſide.*
A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood, [*To the Meſ.*
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in *France?*

Meſ. From *France* to *England* never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. *John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in *France,*
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of *April,* dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idlely heard; if true or falſe, I know not.

K. *John.* With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers. What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in *France?*
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of *France,*
That, thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſ. Under the *Dauphin.*

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. *John.* Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings. Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.

K. *John.*

K. *John*. Bear with me, Couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again—
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But as I travell'd hither thro' the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſt with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear,
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That, ere the next *Aſcenſion-day* at noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. *John*. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſo?

Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. *John*. *Hubert*, away with him, impriſon him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.——O my gentle couſin,
[*Exit* Hubert, *with* Peter.
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The *French*, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord *Bigot* and lord *Salisbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of *Arthur*, who, they ſay, is kill'd to night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. *John*. Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their company:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will ſeek them out.

K. *John*. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns

With

With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be *Mercury*, ſet feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.
Faulc. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.
[*Exit.*
K. *John.* Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he.
Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*
K. *John.* My mother dead!

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they ſay, five moons were ſeen to night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.
K. *John.* Five moons?
Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſie upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s death is common in their mouths;
And, when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear.
And he, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news,
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s death.
K. *John.* Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s death?
Thy hand hath murther'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.
Hub.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. *John.* It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal, for what I did.

K. *John.* Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This murther had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord ———

K. *John.* Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, did'ſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd,

Ev'n

Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. *John.* Doth *Arthur* live? O, haste thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Street before a Prison.*

Enter Arthur *on the Walls, disguis'd.*

Arth. THE wall is high, and yet will I leap down,
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and stay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my Uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heav'n take my soul, and *England* keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmonsbury*;
It is our safety; and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pemb. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*,
Whose private with me of the *Dauphin*'s love
Is much more gen'ral than these lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to day well met, distemper'd lords;
The King by me requests your presence strait.
Sal. The King hath dispossest himself of us;
We will not line his thin, bestained cloak
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Faulc. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason, you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison: what is he lyes here?
[*Seeing* Arthur.
Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almost think, altho' you see,
What

What you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another; 'tis the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly blood-shed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceless action of a heavy hand:
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would ensue.
It is the shameful work of *Hubert*'s hand,
The practice and the purpose of the King:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence:
The incense of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pemb. }
Bigot. } Our Souls religiously comfirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you;
Arthur doth live, the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death;
Avant, thou hateful Villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*

Faulc. Your Sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

Hub.

Hub. Stand back, Lord *Salisbury*; ſtand back, I ſay;
By heav'n, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lyes.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Faulc. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, *Faulconbridge*.
Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury*.
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think, the devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
Away with me all you, whoſe ſouls abhor
Th' uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.
Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.
Pemb. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Faulc. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?
Beyond

Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, (if thou didſt this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Faulc. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd ſo black—nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.

Hub. Upon my ſoul———

Faulc. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread,
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up! (17)

(17) *How eaſie doſt thou take all* England *up,*
From forth this Morſel of dead Royalty?] But how did *Hubert* take *England* up, from forth the dead Body of young *Arthur?* Moſt ſagacious Editors! The ſtupid Pointing, which has prevail'd in all the Copies, makes ſtark Nonſenſe of the Paſſage. My Pointing reſtores it to its genuine Purity. *Faulconbridge*, ſeeing *Hubert* take up the Body of the dead Prince, makes two Reflections: ——*How eaſily*, ſays he, *doſt thou take up all* England *in that Burthen!* and then, That the Life, Right, and Truth of the Realm was fled to Heaven from out the breathleſs Coarſe of that ſlaughter'd Royalty, *&c.*

From

From forth this morſel of dead Royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heav'n; and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed intereſt of proud-ſwelling State.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt;
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now Pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a Raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)
The imminent Decay of wreſted Pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heav'n itſelf doth frown upon the Land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Court of* ENGLAND.

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. JOHN.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my Glory. [*Giving the Crown.*

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your ſovereign Greatneſs and Authority.

K. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the *French*,
And from his Holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their Marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented Counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign Royalty;

This

This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Or Overthrow incurable inſues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war;
And make fair weather in your bluſt'ring Land.
On this *Aſcenſion-day*, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* Is this *Aſcenſion-day?* did not the Prophet
Say, that before *Aſcenſion-day* at noon
My Crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Caſtle: London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. *John.* Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard, young *Arthur* was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty caſket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. *John.* That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.

Faulc. So on my ſoul he did, for aught he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow

Of

Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the God of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be ſaid! Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come ſo nigh.

K. *John.* The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the Powers
Led by the *Dauphin.*

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd, ſilken, Wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with Colours idely ſpread,
And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw, we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. *John.* Have thou the ord'ring of this preſent time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the* Dauphin's *Camp at St.* Edmondsbury. (18)

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. MY lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the president to these lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament;
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a Sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt;
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,

(18) *at St.* Edmondsbury.] I have ventur'd to fix the Place of the Scene here, which is specified by none of the Editors, on the following Authorities. In the preceding Act, where *Salisbury* has fix'd to go over to the *Dauphin*, he says,

Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmondsbury.

And Count *Melun*, in this last Act, says;

——————— *and many more with me,*
Upon the Altar at St. Edmondsbury;
Even on that Altar, where We swore to You
Dear Amity, and everlasting Love.

And it appears likewise from the *Troublesom Reign* of King *John*, in two Parts, (the first rough Model of this Play) that the Interchange of Vows betwixt the *Dauphin* and the *English* Barons was at St. *Edmondsbury*.

That,

That, for the health and phyſick of our Right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this Iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger March (19)
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? (I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the Spot of this enforced cauſe;)
To grace the gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That *Neptune*'s arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan ſhore!
Where theſe two chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affection, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary innundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhow'r, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.

(19) *Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march*
Upon her gentle Boſom,] Thus all the printed Copies have miſtakingly pointed this Paſſage: but, with ſubmiſſion to the former Editors, the Word *Stranger* is here an Adjective in its Uſage, and to be coupled to *March*, which is its Subſtantive and no Verb. And to ſtep after a *ſtranger March*, is, What he preſently calls in other Terms, following *unacquainted Colours*.

Liſt

Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes,
That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feaſts,
Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſiping.
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,
As *Lewis* himſelf; ſo, Nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there, methinks, an angel ſpake!
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
And on our actions ſet the name of Right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France!*
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to *Rome*; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and See of *Rome*.
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a Lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of peace:
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lewis. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high born to be propertied,
To be a ſecondary at control;
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaſtis'd Kingdom and myſelf;
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with int'reſt to this Land;
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart:

And

And come ye now, to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome?* what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine:
And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome?*
Am I *Rome*'s slave? what penny hath *Rome* borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To under prop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easie match, plaid for a Crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of war;
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook Conquest, and to win Renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair Play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak,
My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King:
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
And as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,

The Youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King;
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too, he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd mask, and unadviſed revel,
This unhair'd ſawcineſs and boyiſh troops, (20)
The King doth ſmile at; and is well-prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable-planks,
To lye, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To herd with Swine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out,
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed *Engliſh* man;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms;
And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
To ſouſe annoiance that comes near his neſt.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother *England*, bluſh for ſhame.
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,

(20) *This* unheard *Sawcineſs, and boyiſh Troops,*] Thus the printed Copies in general: but *unheard* is an Epithet of very little Force, or Meaning here: beſides, let us obſerve how 'tis coupled. *Faulconbridge* is ſneering at the *Dauphin*'s Invaſion, as an unadvis'd Enterprize, ſavouring of youth and Indiſcretion; the Reſult of Childiſhneſs, and unthinking Raſhneſs: and he ſeems altogether to dwell on this Character of it, by calling his Preparation *boyiſh Troops, dwarfiſh War, pigmy Arms,* &c. which, according to my Emendation, ſort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded* Sawcineſs.

Their

Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody Inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canſt out-ſcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faulc. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten; do but ſtart
And Echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport, than need)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death; whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Field of Battle.*

Alarms. Enter King John *and* Hubert.

K. *John.* HOW goes the day with us? oh, tell me, *Hubert.*

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?

K. *John.* This feaver, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field;

And send him word by me which way you go.

K. *John.* Tell him, tow'rd *Swinstead,* to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good Comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Godwin*-sands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now;
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. *John.* Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinstead*; to my Litter strait;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* French *Camp.*

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke *and* Bigot.

Sal. I Did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the *French:*
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That mis-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge.*
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, King *John,* sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, *wounded.*

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the Count *Melun.*

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble *English,* you are bought and sold;
Untread the rude way of Rebellion, (21)
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King *John,* and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,

(21) Unthread *the rude* Eye *of Rebellion.*] Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, how poor is the Metaphor of *unthreading* the *Eye* of a *Needle?* And, besides, as there is no Mention made of a Needle, how remote and obscure is the Allusion without it? The Text, as I have restor'd it, is easy and natural; and it is the mode of Expression, which our Author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread,* the *Way, Path, Steps,* &c.

By

By cutting off your heads; thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. *Edmondsbury*;
Ev'n on that altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.
Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true!
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true,
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt.
But ev'n this night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmoaks about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides,
(For that my grandſire was an *Engliſhman*,)
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace; and part this body and my ſoul
With contemplation, and devout deſires.
Sal. We do believe thee, and beſhrew my ſoul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds, we have o'er-look'd;

And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right!
[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

SCENE *changes to a different part of the* French *Camp*.

Enter Lewis, *and his Train*.

Lewis. THE sun of heav'n, methought, was loth to set,
But staid, and made the western welkin blush;
When th' *English* measur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!——

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the *Dauphin*?
Lewis. Here; what news?
Mes. The count *Melun* is slain; the *English* lords
By his persuasion are again fall n off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk on *Godwin* sands.
Lewis. Ah foul, shrewd, news! Beshrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be sad to night,
As this hath made me. Who was he, that said,
King *John* did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mes. Who ever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to morrow. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE,

SCENE, *an open Place in the Neighbourhood of* Swinstead *Abbey.*

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Hubert, *severally.*

Hub. WHO's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Faulc. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England.*

Faulc. And whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou please,
Thou may'st be-friend me so much, as to think,
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night (22)
Have done me shame; brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; *sans compliment,* what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out

Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

(22) *Unkind Remembrance; thou and* endless *Night.*

Have done me shame:——] Why, *endless* Night? *Hubert* means no more, than that the Dulness of his Recollection, and the Darkness of the Night, had disgraced him in his not knowing *Faulconbridge* by the Tone of his Voice. Our Author certainly wrote, *eye-less.* Mr. *Warburton* likewise concurr'd in starting this Emendation.

Hub.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poiſon'd by a Monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out; the King,
Yet ſpeaks; and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide;
Theſe *Lincoln*-waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcaped.
Away, before: conduct me to the King;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Orchard in* Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Henry. IT is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
(Which, ſome ſuppoſe, the ſoul's frail dwelling houſe,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon, which aſſaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pemb.

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.
Henry. Oh vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them; inviſible his ſiege is now,
Againſt the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which, in their throng, and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing: ———
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint ſwan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.
Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt,
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John *brought in.*

K. *John.* Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.
Henry. How fares your Majeſty?
K. *John.* Poiſon'd, ill fare! dead, forſook, caſt off;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſom: nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I ask not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.
Henry. Oh, that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!
K. *John.* The ſalt of them is hot.

Within

Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh! I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.

K. *John.* Oh! couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the ſhrouds, wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him.
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my Lord!—but now a King—now thus.

Henry. Ev'n ſo muſt I run on, and ev'n ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Faulc. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.
Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your bright ſpheres,
Where be your pow'rs? ſhew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtrait we ſhall be ſought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It ſeems, you know not then ſo much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the *Dauphin*;

And

And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.
Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Ourſelves well ſinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many Carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea-ſide, and put his Cauſe and Quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourſelf, myſelf, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſs happily.
Faulc. Let it be ſo; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's Funeral.
Henry. At *Worceſter* muſt his body be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.
Faulc. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal State, and Glory of the Land!
To whom, with all Submiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices,
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a Spot for evermore.
Henry. I have a kind ſoul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This *England* never did, nor never ſhall,
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them!—Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to itſelf do reſt but true.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Third Volume.

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